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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE AMŒBEAN ODE.

[*Translated from Horace.*]

BY A. H. F.

This ode represents the reconciliation of two lovers, and was regarded by Scaliger, the distinguished modern scholar, as one of the author's most beautiful lyric effusions.

HORACE.
While I was thy supreme delight,
And 'round thy neck, so lily white,
Threw my fond arms, most blest was I,
And kings could not my bliss outvie.
LYDIA.
While I was thy most lovely flame,
Nor Chloe more beloved became,
My name was truly more renowned
Than Ilia,* whose son was crowned.
HORACE.
Fair Chloe, in sweet measure skilled,
And mistress of the lyre, has thrilled
My bosom, and my life I'd give,
If fate would only let her live.
LYDIA.
Calais now avers her claim,
And burns me with a mutual flame;
For whom I'm willing twice to die,
If fate will not his life deny.
HORACE.
Should old affection now return,
And I my golden Chloe spurn,
Would you again in me delight,
And in the nuptial bond unite?
LYDIA.
Although his beauty, like a star,
Is bright, and you more fickle are
Than cork upon the restless sea,
Or more irascible you be
Than stormy Hadria,† yet I
Shall ever love to live with thee,
And with thee cheerfully I'll die.

Brunswick, Illinois.

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* The mother of Romulus, first king of Rome.

† Poetic for the Adriatic sea, which was, in many places, exceedingly tempestuous and dangerous—hence the comparison.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

MISFORTUNE AND FORTUNE.

A TALE OF FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

A MOST THRILLING STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY DR. W. MASON TURNER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Pale she looked,
Yet cheerful; though methought once, if not twice,
She wiped away a tear that would be coming"
ROGERS.

We will now carry the reader some month or two back to the abode of the aunt of Eveline Dubois, in the vicinity of far-famed Boston.

The lowering shades of night had for some time fallen; the lengthened shadows of houses and trees had already blended with the fast-growing gloom, and nature was resting from the toils of the day.

In a small, neat and comfortable parlor, on the ground floor, sitting around a centre table, engaged in reading the news from several papers, were Margaret Dudley and her mother, Eveline Dubois and her aunt. The beautiful Eveline was seated in an easy chair, with shawls and other coverings wrapped snugly around her. She was an invalid. The wan, hollow cheek—the dim, sunken eye, as well as the thin and emaciated form, well vouched that the young girl had been near death's door. Still, amidst all of this wreck, she was very lovely. Eveline was taken sick some time previous to Cornwall's visit to Mr. Dudley. It is needless, when we say it was on account of her lover. She had indeed loved the young man with all her heart, and had painted, in glowing colors, pictures on the landscape of futurity. To have her hopes dashed to the ground, her splendid air-castles so suddenly hurled to destruction, was a heavy blow—a stroke under which she came near sinking. She staggered, yielded, and came near being a victim to death. The crisis came. The skill of the learned medicine-men was taxed to the utmost; life and death struggled long and violently. The former was victorious. The trying time was gone, and she was saved. At the time of which we are now writing, she was slowly recovering, being not yet able to go about. Margaret and her mother had kindly attended the suffering girl throughout her long illness, and had waited on her with untiring fidelity and care. Their trouble had been more than paid for, and their kindness rewarded, by the recovery of Eveline—their almost idol.

After sitting some time, engaged in perusing one of the journals of the day, Eveline threw aside her paper, and, shivering, drew near the fire.

"Are you cold, my dear?" quickly and kindly asked her aunt. "You had better retire, and—"

"Nothing but my feet, aunt; they are slightly chilled. I had rather sit awhile longer. Bella," she continued, to a young negress, who had answered the bell, "bring down my fur shoes."

"Yes, Miss Eve—I fetch 'em." The desired articles were soon brought.

"Whew! how cold it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Dudley, as she opened the door and looked out. She quickly closed the entrance and returned to her seat.

"You must not return home to-night, Mrs. Dudley, you and Margaret would freeze," said Eveline.

"Oh, I could not think of staying all night! Mr. Dudley would be uneasy, and if we walk briskly there is no danger of freezing. Margaret, we had better be preparing to go; our house, you know, is merely a step from here."

"Think not of going so soon!" put in Eveline's aunt. "Really it is not more than eight o'clock. You live only three-quarters of a mile from here; you can walk it, if you are determined to go, in a few minutes. So come, be seated, and let's while away another hour or so." Mrs. Dudley assented—Margaret ceased gathering up the shawls and other warm conveniences, and, with her mother, took her seat again.

"Have you heard from Mrs. Brownlow, lately?" asked Mrs. Dudley of Eveline.

"Yes, ma'am; I heard that she was very ill indeed. Her son Richard died some mornings since. Her little girl and herself now lie at the point of death."

"Truly, I am sorry for them! I like Mrs. Brownlow very much. She was a good and gentle creature from girlhood. I have spent some of my happiest days with her. We went to school together, and many a lesson has she taught me, just in time to save me from the anger of my school mistress."

Here the conversation dropped, and all except Eveline betook themselves to the papers again. These were, however, soon laid aside; Margaret, however, continuing to read. Another short conversation followed, when Mrs. Dudley picked up a guitar and struck a few notes. As the music floated through the room, the eyes of the invalid girl brightened up, and the pale cheek was once more *irrigated* as it were with warm, gushing blood. Seeing this, Mrs. Dudley played several airs, and then handed the guitar to Eveline, requesting her to favor her with a tune. The young girl at first refused, but after some persuasion she took the splendid instrument. Running her fingers lightly across the strings, she sang, in a melancholy and plaintive, though in a rich-toned voice, the following verses:

"I dreamed I lay where the flowers were springing
Gaily in the summer beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream;
Straight the sky grew black and daring,
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

"Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed;
But long ere noon loud tempests storming
All my flowery bliss destroyed.
Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promised fair and performed but ill;
Of many a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still!"

As the low tones of her musical voice died away with slight reverberations through the apartment, with the notes of the instrument, which she had struck with a masterly hand throughout the old Scotch air, she dropped her head on her hand and seemed buried in thought.

"Ah!" she gently murmured, "*that* song brings up sad remembrances! My day-dream was bright—alas! too bright! Oh! memory!"

"Hush, my child!" kindly said Mrs. Dudley, to the suffering girl. "Do not harrow thy feelings with the mournful recollection of things which are past. The subject will do you injury. Please compose yourself."

"Thank you, madam, sincerely. But, good Heavens! I cannot help this feeling. *Memory* will not desert me, and—I love to think over the happy morning of my life—*how dark the afternoon!*"

"My dear child, talk not thus!" exclaimed her anxious aunt. "Do not work yourself again into one of those dreadful fits."

"My own dear aunt, I cannot restrain myself! Blame *nature—memory*—not *me*." The invalid girl actually looked beside herself. Her large eyes, a few moments before dim and dull, now shone and sparkled with an almost unearthly lustre. Her pale, thin cheek reddened suddenly with a faint flush, and she sat gazing around her, as if she were a confirmed maniac. The ladies were frightened at the appearance of the now *terribly* beautiful creature. They knew not what to do. The command was about to be given, "go for a doctor," when the girl's lips slightly parted, and she murmured audibly the name of "Frank!" Her whole appearance instantly changed. The flush fled from her cheek—the unnatural lustre departed from her eye. The fire of animation had gone. She was once again herself—*the poor invalid girl!*

"My child," again began the kind Mrs. Dudley, "you had better—"

"*It is over now*, my dear madam," interrupted the lovely girl. "These are passing fits—over quick—but *often coming*. Oh! Frank!" She uttered these words in a low musical voice. "Would that I could once again behold thy splendid form, thy proud lip and eagle eye! Idol of my soul! How fondly I loved thee! Fate, why didst thou so oppose us! Why dash our cup of bliss to the ground! Why compel us to wade the deep ocean of despair!"

"There, my child, do not talk thus."

"Aunt, I am calm—quite calm—but I cannot help speaking of *him sometimes*."

"Well, my dear child, speak of him in a more rational way."

"Well, aunt—but I am calm I assure you—*but tell me of Frank!* You know that I have been ill ever since he left this, his native land. Tell me where he has gone—or do you know?"

"Come, my darling, I would not talk of these things, which brought so much sadness to the parties concerned," spoke Mrs. Dudley, her lip trembling as she recalled *that day*.

"My dear, kind, madam! I can bear anything *now*. Please tell me *something of Frank!*"

"Well then, listen, my child," said Mrs. Dudley, seeing she could put off the importunate girl no longer; "I will tell you everything we know, or have heard of my son, since he left the paternal roof." The good mother sighed deeply as she thought of her absent offspring. "You know, Eveline, that directly after the affray between my dear son and young Montague, the former fled, or at least had gone, none knew whither. We knew not at that time that Frank indeed had caused Montague's near death. We afterwards, however, found that out. On the same day we sent off young Maurice," Margaret raised her eyes for a moment from the paper, which she was so intently perusing, and her cheek deepened to damask as she heard pronounced the name of her lover, "in search of Frank," Mrs. Dudley continued, merely glancing at her blushing daughter. "He obeyed with alacrity, went off to Boston, and from that day to this we have not seen him. Young Lionel, the only son and child of the good old widow Darkney, who lives in Boston, also left his mother's roof the same night. Well, of course, we became uneasy about Frank and Maurice, wondering why they did not return. Late *that night*, a man rode up to our dwelling and delivered two of our horses, which he said he had bargained to do with two young men. The mystery which had perplexed us throughout the day began to be unravelled. The night passed, and still no tidings more of the absent ones. The next morning, as I chanced to go into my dear son's bed-room, I found a note, directed to Mr. Dudley. I hesitated not a moment, but hastily tore open the seal, and—*knew all!* Oh! how wretched I was to know that my own darling boy could no longer claim as a home the place of his birth and childhood! Mr. Dudley immediately started for Boston; there he made many inquiries. He heard, from several sources, of two young men answering to his description. He even got the information that they had joined a brig, at that time lying at one of the wharves. To this he gave no credence at all! Would that he had, for one or two days afterwards he heard from undeniable authority that Frank had been seen aboard the "Dolphin," a brig then discharging her cargo. Mr. Dudley was at once satisfied, and again set out speedily for the city. He arrived just in time to see the brig spread her sails for the mighty ocean! She was soon hid from his gaze, and our son was gone! From that time to the present, we have not heard of him, Maurice nor Lionel. Oh! that I could once more clasp my darling in my arms!" The kind mother ceased. Tears were streaming from Eveline's eyes, and her bosom heaved convulsively.

"Fate has so ordained it; it is the will of Him. Let it be so, I will not murmur," she uttered slowly and at intervals, and dried her tears. Margaret had paid no attention to the foregoing conversation, and of course was not touched. She seemed to be earnestly engaged in reading and re reading an article in the paper, which had attracted her attention.

"Margaret, my dear, can you not sympathize with us?" inquired Mrs. Dudley, with reproach in her tones.

"Ah! yes, that is the solution, as sure as I am at this moment alive!" returned Margaret, absent-mindedly. "I am sure it is they, and none other. Yes—"

"What is it, my child? You speak like you are dreaming."

"Oh! is it anything of Frank?" exclaimed Eveline.

"Yes, I think so—nay, I know it," returned Margaret, now herself again.

"Read—do read it!"

"Well, listen. It is a piece taken from a London Journal, and reads as follows:

"'Last night our immense thoroughfare was visited by the fiery scourge, aided by its most powerful ally, the wind. We regret, indeed, to announce that much property was lost. The princely dwelling of Philip Mangrove, Esq., one of our most influential and popular citizens, was levelled to the dust, in spite of the well-directed efforts of the firemen. We will not omit to mention that singular deeds of daring and bravery were performed on this exciting occasion. We are almost ashamed to state, under the circumstances, that *our* countrymen were not *the actors*. While the building of Mr. Mangrove was charred and falling in, and when there was left only one entrance—that a fierce one—Miss Minnie, the daughter of the owner of the edifice, appeared at a second or third-story window. For several moments no one in the vast assemblage appeared bold enough to enter the burning mass and risk life in the cause of humanity. At length a young man, accompanied by another, both utter strangers, dashed through the burning mass, and entered. Soon after this bold act, another young man, in search of the first two, also entered the ignited building. Their risk was great, but their intent was good. They succeeded in saving the lives of Mr. Mangrove, Miss Mangrove, and a sister of the merchant. *Each saved a human life!* Paragons of bravery and humanity! When questioned, these noble young philanthropists answered that they were Americans—inhabitants of the United States—and that *they had done nothing more than common humanity bade them do!* Well may a country like *theirs* prosper. These young men deserve universal approbation. They have gained that of London, and every one sings their praises.'"—*London Daily Journal.*

CHAPTER XIX.

"Her form and look, in mem'ry's glass,
I still distinctly see."

"Strange, passing strange."—SHAKSPEARE.

The sun arose clear and beautiful the morning after the night of the passage of the inlet on the little land-locked bay, which washed the base of the Highlanders' fort, and in which lay at anchor the beautiful fabric which claimed Wildrake, the Rover, as her commander—the wide ocean her home.

The spot was one of peculiar loveliness. Never before was nature so extravagant in her gifts. The little sheet of water, with its rocky boundary, rudely resembled a large mirror set in a rough encasing. On one side was the tall, stony embankment, rearing its mass of ragged tops far above the level of the sea and surrounding country; on the other, the ruins of the Highlanders' fort alone met the view. Everything else was shut out, and when looking over the placid sheet and the scenery adjacent, no one could blame the hardy Scotchmen for making such a place their homes. The sullen roar of the furious whirlpools seaward could be plainly heard, and the distant muttering of the ocean as it dashed against the rock-bound shores moaned deeply, as if surging the requiem of some departed spirit, was gently wafted over the smooth surface of the little bay on the wing of every stirring breeze. The spot was lovely.

The sun had now "*been up*" some hours, speeding along his daily track. The beautiful brig, the "Lone Star of Eve," lay on the water as the duck reposing in all security on the bosom of its native element. The sails were all snugly furled, and one could have had a good opportunity to view the intricate network of cordage, the rakish outline of the hull, and the graceful stepping of the masts, as she would swing slowly around on one anchor. The craft had undergone several changes since she sailed under the American flag, and went by the homely though appropriate and nautical term of Dolphin. We have not heretofore spoken of these transformations. The masts were stepped further forward, thereby giving more room aft. They had also been lengthened by new top-gallant masts. Booms for extra studding-sails could be run out in a moment, and a sky-scraper was added to each mast. The jib-boom was also lengthened and tapered out to the smallness of a reed. The sails were generally enlarged and rendered more square. The bows had been considerably sharpened and her rate of speed consequently increased in the same ratio. Port-holes had been cut, though the void places could be artfully concealed by blocks fitting therein, of the same solid, gloomy color as the rest of the dark hull. This was so contrived as to aid them in escaping detection. Another ingenious piece of work, suggested by young Maurice, was a band of common cloth, completely encircling the brig's hull; on one side, this cloth was painted to correspond with the rest of the brig; on the other there were three stripes—a red, a white and a yellow. The latter side could be hauled up, and the appearance of the craft wholly changed. This was of essential service in times of danger.

The sailors were already astir aboard, and industriously engaged in different ways. Some were mending sails and splicing the braces—some were swabbing the deck, and others were scraping the masts, &c., &c. Frank and his two second officers were on deck, enjoying the scene presented to their view with greedy gaze and longing eyes.

The morning was clear and beautiful, as before stated, and the scene was enchantingly lovely and romantic.

"Well, Lionel, what think you of this part of the country?"

"Grand, magnificent! Never seen a parallel to it," muttered Lionel, without unrivetting his eyes from the prospect. "I could willingly make it my home, with that kind, beautiful, gentle creature for my—ah! yes—the scene is quite good, Frank," he exclaimed, reddening to the temples, as he awoke from his reverie and became conscious of the presence of third persons. "As I said before," he continued, confusedly, "the scene is beautiful and—"

"Miss Mangrove is kind, gentle, and *also beautiful*."

"No more, Frank—no more. I was not thinking—I was dreaming—and of *impossibilities!*"

"Do not say *impossibilities*, Lionel," put in Maurice. "Your wish you just now inadvertently uttered, can be fulfilled—granted you."

"Of what are *you* thinking and talking, Maurice. You are mad—you must be, or—"

"*You* must be," interrupted Maurice, calmly. "Let me tell you, Lionel," he resumed, "of something you do not, perhaps, know—*Miss Mangrove loves you!*"

"What!—Maurice I am almost forced to say that I think you are not telling—"

"Anything but the truth!" again interrupted Maurice, provokingly. "It is true, certainly."

"Oh! that *I* could only *hope* so!"

"Well, Lionel, you may soon have an opportunity of finding out. Directly we get these guns from the old fort, I intend sailing to London, for several reasons; one, I assure you, is for you to see and settle matters, as I mentioned the other day, with Miss Mangrove, and—"

"Hold, Frank! Trifle not with me, I am *now* your *friend*—I *can* become your enemy!" The young man's cheek paled, and his nether lip trembled slightly.

"Why, Lionel!" exclaimed Frank, turning and gazing his friend fully in the face. "I meant not to *offend* you. I am not toying with your feelings. God forbid! I believe you are sincere. *I* have suffered enough to know that *I* should not trifle with the feelings of *any one*. Believe me, I meant not to wound your feelings; what I proposed was with a view to your happiness and—"

"Enough said, Frank!" returned young Lionel, almost ashamed of his anger. "Enough said. Moreover, I agree to your proposition," and he blushed like a girl. "What are your other reasons, Frank, for going to London?"

"Well, one and the next most important after the first mentioned," and he glanced slyly at Lionel, "is to get powder and cutlasses. The latter we must have as well as the former—by *force* or by *purchase*. Fortunately we have balls in sufficient quantity, and now only lack the cutlasses and powder. These I will soon possess if fortune favors me."

"How do you intend to get the powder? Of course you will not enter port under our flag—I mean *the national flag of America*. It would be a rather lame affair, I am thinking, to come all the way from the United States to buy powder in London; at least those from whom you purchase it will be of that opinion."

"Why, Lionel, you must be dreaming! Why should I let them know from whence I come? To tell them that, truly, would be to tell them that I am Wildrake, the Rover—the pirate captain of the Lone Star of Eve!—Oh, no! Your thoughts, I still perceive, are in London. But here is my plan—we will sail from here to-morrow, I think; or as soon as we can safely bring off these guns. Our destination will be London, and we can reach that port, with a fair wind, in a few days. The first thing I will do for my brig will be to buy powder. But let me remark that, directly we cast anchor in port, you may be your own man, and can have the assistance of any two aboard to aid you in carrying out your designs. I have no doubts but that I may be able to procure powder. We have a good supply of specie aboard, so, in the character of a country storekeeper, I will spend some of our cash in buying a few things for which we have no need. This procedure, when I ask for powder, will cause me not to be suspected. I will succeed, I am sure. You see, the adventure which will most probably succeed best, must be tried *first*. You know we could not do without powder, and if we were to attempt to take the arms—I am of the opinion that we will, to get them, have to *take* them—we might be discovered, and our farther plans knocked to pieces. So I intend to secure the powder first—and a large quantity too—and have it conveyed quickly aboard. I am almost certain I cannot succeed in *purchasing* cutlasses—for it is contrary to English rule to sell them to any one who cannot show a permit from the Government to buy. I have thought out, however, another plan, to answer the same end. You recollect the little armory on the river, just below the bridge, which we observed while in London? Well, that armory is not protected but by a very few guards. It contains nothing but the arms, consisting of cutlasses, pikes, pistols, and a few old brass guns, taken some years ago by an English cruiser from a French frigate. Fortunately for us, these arms have not been placed in the public armory. We will stay in the city, I think, fully a week, before our plans can be carried out. What do you think of the arrangement?"

"Admirable!" returned Lionel. "I think that we can easily gain both. I guess the powder, however, is most needed."

"Yes, but Maurice, how much powder is in the magazine?" asked Frank of his first lieutenant.

"Not much, truly—not enough to stand an engagement of thirty minutes."

"We *are* in a slim way for powder, indeed!"

"Well, lads—excuse me, *Captain*—we have conversed enough, and passed away an hour idly. It is time to think of getting the guns aboard," suggested Maurice.

"Right, lieutenant; we have let the time for work go unheeded by. Give orders for the men to procure stout ropes, and to man the boats ready for going ashore."

"How do you mean to bring the—but, ha! did my eyes deceive me! Look! yonder is that hobgoblin!" And Maurice pointed hastily toward the old fort. The other two young men immediately cast their eyes toward the ruin, but they saw nothing.

"What was it, Maurice?" asked Frank.

"I may have been mistaken, but I thought—nay, I am *certain*, that I saw a form, apparently bent and stooped with age, disappear behind that further projection to the rear."

"I think you were deceived, Maurice. I looked with all my eyes, and saw nothing," said Frank, unwilling still to believe in the existence of the hobgoblin.

"I *may* have been," returned the Scotchman.

The somewhat extended conversation then ceased, and orders were given for the preparation of the boats. In a few moments all was arranged; the boats were manned; ropes for dragging the pieces snugly coiled in them, etc., and in a short while all shoved off. Only a few men were left on the brig.

The boats soon reached the shore, were made fast, and the crews all landed. The guns found were ten in number. They were old-fashioned, and somewhat resembled the field-pieces of the present day, but perhaps more nearly big-mouthed carronades. There was one very long gun, of splendid make. It might have been appropriately called a "long-tom." All of the guns were coated with rust, caused by exposure, but they were not materially damaged. The crew immediately busied themselves in getting them clear of the rubbish, in which they were almost completely buried, and in dragging them down to the water's edge, where they cleansed them nicely. So industrious was the crew, that nearly all the cannon had undergone this operation before two hours had passed. Maurice and Lionel superintended the work, and saw that the guns were safely carried aboard. Whilst they were thus engaged, young Frank strayed off to another part of the fort, and seated himself on a large stone. Thoughts, in this solitary place, ran through his mind thick and fast—thoughts of Eveline, his happy home, and dear parents—his departure, the great risks he had lately run, flowed freshly over his mind. He sighed deeply, and as he sighed, he looked up. Judge his surprise to see, standing directly before him, an aged man, whose head, whitened as the hoar frost, and form bended as the broken reed, proved that he had seen many things "in his day." The old creature was literally clad in rags. A very poor substitute for a coat, composed of patches of every hue and variety, badly put together, hung loosely around his shrunken shoulders. His pantaloons were of the same description. Shirt, he had none, and his venerable head, with its sparse locks of silvery gray, was protected by no other covering than that scantily afforded by nature. He stood, regarding the young sailor in silence, for several minutes. He appeared both displeased and satisfied. Frank was at first bewildered, and a strange feeling, somewhat akin to awe, crept slowly over him. He was not inclined to supernatural credence, but the wild and barren region, the terrible legend connected with the spot, the regular appearance of the hobgoblin, and, added to these, Maurice's assertion that *he had seen it that day*, conspired to make him feel somewhat mystified at the condition of affairs. The old man soon broke the silence.

"Young man, why dost thou invade my just domain? Why hast thou commanded thy wicked men to carry away my companions—my companions for years—to do battle with? Thou hast done unwisely."

"Who are you, old man?" asked Frank, kindly, of the singular being, now satisfied that he was one of his kind. "Who are you, and how came you here in this unfrequented part of the wide world?"

The old man was silent for several moments. At length he answered the young man's hasty questions, though evidently with reluctance.

"I am the *wreck* of what was *once a man!* I am—but—poor little Ivan! Your old protector would willingly have died for you! And, oh! if he could find—but, ah!" He hesitated, and tears rolled down the old man's wrinkled cheeks. Frank was confounded. He knew not how to act. He truly sympathized with the poor being before him, and immediately made it known to the object of his compassion.

"My good man, I am your friend. Come, tell me everything—come and go with me on my ship—you shall be taken good care of. I will give you money and carry you to some inhabited part of the world, and provide for you."

"Young man, I see you are sincere. May God bless you! I thank you from my very soul, but I cannot leave my present home until the *day of retribution* comes—or—but to hasten that time. God, the Father of the deserted and outcast, will watch over and feed me, even as he did his beloved prophet of old. God will bless you, young man, for your kindness to one like me."

"Come—do come with me," urged Frank, taking the old man's hard and sunburnt hands within his own. "Come, and go aboard my ship with me."

"I cannot, young man; I *cannot!*" returned the poor old being, in piteous accents. "For some time to come, if I live, *this* must be my resting-place."

"I will order the guns not to be carried away, if you wish it," said Frank, after a moment's pause.

"No, no! Take them—take them as a gift from one—who, indeed, has no right to give them; but—take them!"

"Once more, I ask you, my good old man, to go with me. I see, through the bushes, that the boats are ready. I cannot wait much longer. Come with me, if you will only stay this night."

The old man seemed to deliberate a moment or so, and then he assented, quite reluctantly. Going down to the water's edge, he pulled out from under the brushwood a small boat, just capable of sustaining one person. Taking his seat in the stern, he bade Frank to join his crew, whilst he would paddle behind. Soon all were aboard the brig.

That night, Frank, Maurice and Lionel, and the old man, were assembled in the nicely-furnished cabin of the brig, engaged in conversation. The young men, especially Frank and Lionel, endeavored to glean from the old hermit his history, but not a word respecting it could they draw from him. The old man had been sitting for some time, with his head between his hands, apparently buried in deepest thought, when Maurice drew near the lamp, for the purpose of more plainly decyphering a chart, on which he was engaged. While standing thus, the light shone full on his handsome, thoughtful countenance. At this moment, the old man looked up. As his eye fell on Maurice, he gazed long and steadily at him. Suddenly he sprang forward, and, with every lineament standing out on his withered visage, he cried:

"Your name, young man, for God's sake! Your name!"

"Giles Haller," returned Maurice, taken somewhat aback, but immediately giving his assumed name. "Why—what will you?"

"Ah! I am mistaken—*but the resemblance!* Young man, do you know much of your early history?"

"No, indeed; such was never my good fortune."

"I am mistaken. Pardon me. Your countenance brought up painful memories. But I am mistaken! *Giles Haller*—Ivan—ah!" Not many moments after this, all retired. The next morning, when the day was once more lighted with the effulgence of the sun, the old man was missing. Nowhere was he to be found. His light canoe was gone, and although the watch affirmed that he had not seen the old man since he went into the cabin on the night previous, it was evident that the mysterious old creature had gone.

The guns were burnished and set on carriages—the long gun was rigged nearly amidship, working on a pivot. The anchor was tripped from its muddy bed and hoisted home; the sails dropped, and the brig once more ran the gauntlet safely, through the intricate and dangerous windings of the inlet, and soon was but a speck, careering over the broad ocean.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIRIT OF THE WATERFALL.

A TALE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPIRIT.

The road from the sea coast to the White Mountains in New Hampshire passes along the head-stream of the Saco, which rises among these mountains and breaks through them at a place called the Notch, a narrow defile, extending two miles in length between two great, perpendicular rocks, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. Half the defile, or rather ravine, is occupied by the road, and the other half by the brook mentioned as the head-stream of the Saco. This stream, in its career, is suddenly lost to the eye, disappearing beneath a mass of rude and rugged rocks, piled together in confusion. About half a mile from the entrance of the defile, there falls from the height of 300 feet, a foaming cascade of the utmost grandeur and beauty. The water rushes with such force over a series of perpendicular rocks, that it presents to the eye a continual sheet of snowy foam; and when illuminated by the sun, its brightness is so intense that the vision cannot bear it steadily for a minute. It is called Silver Water.

A quarter of a mile beyond this cascade is a large, deep basin formed out of a solid rock, into which leaps a narrow stream from the tops of three precipices, some 200 feet high. The water is of the most perfect purity. This spot is wider than the rest of the ravine, that is, the mountains are farther apart, the space between them being filled with rocks of almost every shape, covered with green and brown moss; wild flowers and herbs of many kinds, and pines that seem to grow between the crevices of the rocks. Other trees too, are scattered here and there wherever a bare spot of earth is seen.

In the autumn of the year 18—, and late in the afternoon, a man on horseback slowly wound his way along the ravine, apparently absorbed in contemplating the magic scenery of Nature in her wildest state. He was somewhere about thirty years of age, his person tall and well formed, and his countenance dark thoughtful and gloomy. His hair was perfectly black, and his eyes were large, dark and brilliant. A thick beard, of the same color as hair, covered the lower part of his face. His complexion was bronzed by the sun of many climes; yet his whole mien indicated the gentleman and the scholar. The steed he bestrode was a noble animal, of great spirit and endurance, as black as the raven, with one white spot on his forehead, a perfect star.

As the stranger rode on he gazed around him with evident pleasure. He approached the silver cascade, and while suffering his horse to drink from the stream a short distance below it, where the water was comparatively calm, he noted the waving shadows of the forest trees and of the tall evergreens growing on the sides of the mountains. He observed how these shadows played and danced on the silvery waters, at times obscuring the bright rays of the declining sun, which pierced through the glittering leaves of the autumn trees, painting the shining cliffs and foaming waters with fanciful images of light. He noted, too, the gay and brilliant colors of the forest foliage, which seemed the more bright and beautiful from the contrast of the deep green of the pines and the evergreens.

As his eye ranged to the summit of the cliffs, he noted the firs and spruces on their sides to grow less and less in size, until at the top they seemed mere bushes, mixed with a quantity of dark-colored moss. He saw, too, wide and deep chasms on the sides and summits of the rocks, as if some dreadful earthquake had torn them asunder and hurled them into the valley. Over all, "hoary cliffs, rising with proud supremacy, frowning awfully on the world below, finished the landscape."

As the stranger sat, thus absorbed in the scenery around him, his horse, which had, with loosened rein, been quietly cropping the herbage and long grass on the brink of the stream, now suddenly, raising his head and pointing his ears, neighed loudly. The sounding echoed through the mountains, startling every living creature by its thrilling emphasis. Wild goats peered over the tops of the precipices; birds, frightened at the strange, unusual noise, flew quickly through the quivering leaves; and squirrels darted from their hiding places in the tall grass, and ran quickly up the trunks of the tall trees, hiding themselves amid their dense foliage.

Then, as silence once more fell around him, Conrad, for such was the stranger's name, sighed deeply, his gaze resting abstractedly upon the waters of the bright cascade. Hark! was that a spirit voice whose tones fell so softly upon his ear, coming, as it were, from the silver water, sadly and sweet:

"Mortal! murmur not! Yield to thy destiny!"

"Imelda!" returned Conrad, a deep emotion passing over his face, "is it thou that speakest?" Low and tremblingly were the words uttered.

A silence of a minute ensued, and then the voice sighed forth, rather than spoke—"It is I, Conrad!"

Upon his knees, before the waterfall, sank the stranger, and raising his hands in supplication, exclaimed—"Imelda! sweet Imelda! thou loved, and thou lost one! it needs not this to tell me that thy gentle presence is ever near me; I feel it wherever I go. But now, grant, oh, grant one boon, ere I go again among mankind. Vouchsafe to appear, for one minute, in thy pristine form, as beautiful as I once knew thee!"

There was no reply. The cascade foamed downward with the same silvery radiance, and the waters murmured the same monotonous music.

Still upon his knees, Conrad clasped his hands in mute appeal, and tears started to his eyes. At length, as he kept his gaze upon the waterfall, a mist slowly detached itself therefrom, and gradually becoming more and more dense, took at last the semblance of a human form. Conrad kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the apparition until it wore the form and lineaments of the peerlessly beautiful Imelda. She stood as if upon air—her dark-brown hair hanging in clustering ringlets on her shoulders and around a face of such radiant beauty that the gazer's eyes fell involuntarily to the earth. When he again raised them, she was gradually fading from his view, a smile of angelic purity and sweetness irradiating her features. Conrad bowed his head upon his hands as he knelt upon the flinty rock, his frame trembling with the deepest emotion. As the spirit disappeared, she sung, with a voice of immortal music, something like this:

"Farewell, Conrad! think of me!
Go! thy guardian I will be!
Night is coming—hie thee home—
There I'll meet thee, there I'll come.
Though in life thou usedst me ill;
I was faithful to thee still:
Deep thy punishment hath been,
But remorse hath made thee clean.
Now thy guardian I will be—
Go! and still remember me!"

The still kneeling man raised his head—and again came the silver-voice plaintively repeating:

"Farewell, Conrad! think of me!"

And all was still. Conrad rose to his feet, and was about to mount his steed, which stood patiently and quietly near, when a sweet and solemn strain of music, that seemed to issue from behind the waterfall, arrested his attention. It was as if a variety of musical instruments were blended in one. It began like the softest murmurs of the wind-harp, and gradually increased in sound till its tones were similar to the full, deep notes of the church organ, but far grander and sweeter. Then came a pause, and then—nought could exceed the entrancing melody that died away softly and sweetly until it sank into silence. Again the Silver Water seemed alone in its mountain music, falling, ever falling, foaming, ever foaming, as it had done for centuries before, and was still to do for centuries to come.

A loud and thrilling neigh from the patient steed now suddenly awoke Conrad De L'Amour to the reality of life, for the reader will have perceived by this time that a vision, and one of no ordinary type, had, for the last half hour, held the soul of the stranger subjugated to its bewildering and overpowering influence. Now fully awakened, if, indeed, he had slept, he gazed around him on the scene that still remained unchanged—the rocks, the trees, the cliffs, the never-ceasing waterfall, all were there—all but the shade of the peerless, the long lost Imelda, whose history, together with that of Conrad de L'Amour's, I am about to give the reader, leaving for the present the stranger standing beside his horse, gazing around him like one under some powerful spell.

CHAPTER II.

THE VISIONARY.

Imelda—she knew no other name—for neither father nor mother had ever cared for her—forsaken in her earliest infancy by the inhuman creature that bore her; left to the mercies of a hard, cold world, a destitute orphan in every sense of the word. Had it not been for the tender pity of an aged man, who chanced to find her on the highway, lying helplessly on the hard, cold snow, a single garment the only covering, she would have died then and there, and another cherub would have been added to the heavenly band.

Providence, however, did not ordain it so. Imelda lived—and lived to be a delight and a blessing to the preserver, Amos Durward. He was an old man, and lived very nearly alone in a large but dilapidated mansion, situated on the boundary line between New Hampshire and Vermont. It was almost hidden from sight by the great trees surrounding it, whose thick and heavy branches shaded it almost entirely from the rays of the sun. There were not many flowers—a few rose bushes were twined around the front porch, and some Chinese honeysuckles scented the morning air nearly all the summer. A few other flowering shrubs dotted the lawn in front of the mansion, where the grass grew long and thick, serving as fodder for a long-tailed, milk-white pony, the pet of Durward, and afterwards of Imelda, who learned to ride him before she was six years old.

Durward's housekeeper was an old French woman, an original in her way, but a good, tender-hearted creature as ever lived. She loved her master, but liked to torment him—and almost idolized the little orphan, although she scolded her from morning till night. She considered herself a person of great importance, and took a great delight in showing her authority. She was a little, lean, wiry body, with a sort of cat face, thin lips and pale blue eyes, that darted jets of fire when she was excited, which was pretty often. Her shrill voice, too, reminded one of the squeal of a cat, when she would rattle away volubly in her broken English to her master or the child on some topic appertaining to her domestic economy, as when she took it into her head to be arbitrary, and laid down *her* law most emphatically—while Durward listened quietly, well knowing that the storm never lasted long—and in her anxiety to atone for the pain she imagined she had given her cares and attentions would be more than usually kind and affectionate towards her dear old master.

Imelda's childhood fleeted away like a happy dream. No sorrow had ever clouded her young life. Her days were passed in wandering among the mountains, climbing their rugged steeps and gazing with admiring and ardent eyes upon the rich and varied scenery as, mounted on the white pony, Firefly, cantering gaily through the forests, or slowly threading the rocky ravines, curious to discover every day new wonders of nature. Here was a deeply imaginative mind, hence the divine gift of poesy flooded her young spirit with its delightful spells; and she would sit on the summit of a rock hour upon hour, with a book upon her lap and a pencil in her hand, and write poem upon poem, which she carefully hid from the scrutiny of every human eye. Little did her guardian imagine that beneath her meek and placid exterior lay a heart burning and swelling with deep and strong emotions, feelings that lifted her, as it were, from earth, and placed her sitting on golden and purple clouds, looking down upon the cold world as an angel may be supposed to look.

Durward had not suffered his *protege* to grow up uneducated. Though living in an ancient, dilapidated dwelling, he was far from being poor—indeed, it was whispered in the neighborhood, that gold in untold quantities lay hidden in a secret vault of the old mansion. But this was only rumor. Suffice it to say, he was independent of every one, and not a comfort was spared his darling Imelda, from the hour that brought her to his arms. In one apartment of the old mansion was fitted up a valuable library, with globes, atlases, mathematical instruments and an archery. Here his *protege* spent her evenings, under the tuition of Durward, who was himself a man of varied acquirements, and grew up with a better and more solid education than many a woman who has passed through the highest Institutes of the country. In the meantime the housekeeper, who was not altogether ignorant, had found some opportune movements to teach the child a few feminine accomplishments, so that, although secluded from society, Imelda was not unlike other girls of her age. And yet she *was* unlike—for what poet or poetess is not a different being from the generality of humanity?

When Imelda had reached the age of seventeen she was peerlessly beautiful, and so entirely unconscious of her loveliness that she really believed herself quite plain in person and feature. She did not seem to know that her eyes were of the sweetest and most melting blue, and that their depths were filled with a pure and holy expression, giving to her whole face a spiritual radiance—or that her dark brown hair had a separate beauty in every spiral curl, as it fell upon her white shoulders and softly swelling bosom. The rosy hue of health painted her rounded cheeks and full lips, and at the least emotion the warm blood swept vividly over her whole countenance, making her, if possible, more beautiful than ever. But Imelda possessed another charm—one that exceeded all others; this was her smile. I cannot describe the intoxicating, the bewildering influence of that smile; it was, so to speak, the exhalation of her beautiful soul—it radiated her whole countenance like the softest beams of moonlight. Once or twice in my lifetime I have seen its counterfeit, and yielded myself delightedly to its soul subduing influence.

This is a faint portraiture of my heroine at the age of seventeen. As I said before, her childhood had passed away in happy unconsciousness of every ill, and she grew up, in her quiet solitude,

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

A solitude, however, that was destined to be broken in upon, as I am about to relate.

Imelda's favorite resort was the defile, or ravine, known as the Notch, among the White Mountains, in New Hampshire; and along this ravine she delighted to wander, either mounted on her white pony, or on foot, with book and pencil in hand, either pausing to gaze upon the limpid waters of the brook, at a place where they suddenly disappear from the sight beneath a mass of rocks, a curious eccentricity of nature, or drinking in, with upturned eye, the grand and sublime scenery of the adjacent mountains. But the waterfalls, and especially the one we designate as the Silver Water, had the greatest charm for the imaginative mind of the pensive maiden. This beautiful cascade was fully described in our first chapter. Here would Imelda sit for hours upon a mossy rock, her whole soul absorbed in gazing on its pure and silvery brightness, as it fell foaming and glistening over the jagged rocks, its never ceasing music filling her spirit with a soft and gentle melancholy, that brought with it a sense of languid happiness—a happiness which, in after years, our heroine longed for with the yearning of a soul burdened with unrest.

Late one August afternoon, Imelda was sitting abstractedly in her favorite retreat, when the unwonted sound of a horse's feet come echoing along the ravine. The young girl started, strong surprise manifesting itself upon her countenance; for the Notch was not in those days as now, the resort of fashionables from every part of the Union; on the contrary, very few strangers penetrated its labyrinths. Imelda listened to the approaching sounds with curiosity and wonder, but her suspense was not of long duration, for presently a steed and rider made their appearance—a handsome bay, gracefully guided by the white-gloved hand of a fair, proud lady, whose age seemed somewhat past the glow of youth. She was alone—and paused with a look of surprise as her eyes rested on the blue, wondering orbs of the young girl. For the space of a full minute neither spoke—but as a smile of peculiar expression passed over the countenance of the stranger lady, her voice first broke the mountain stillness.

"Tell me, fair maiden, art thou the spirit of yonder waterfall, or a simple mortal, like myself? Speak, I pray thee!"

"A mortal, like thyself," calmly replied Imelda, catching the air of romance with which the other had clothed her words.

"Then thou art like myself, a lover of nature in its most beautiful and wildest simplicity—and thou comest hither to drink in the inspiration of these rocks and falling streams?"

"Even as thou hast spoken, fair lady," returned the young girl, her large eyes bent upon the face of her companion.

"Well, now," exclaimed the latter quickly, changing her tone, and speaking earnestly—"I am beginning to think you are not a human being—you look so frail and spiritual—so unlike anything I have ever seen in the shape of a mortal—are you very sure you are not the spirit of yonder silver waterfall?"

"Quite sure," said Imelda, smiling.

"Good heavens! that smile!" said the stranger to herself, with a slight start, "where have I seen it before?" Then speaking to the young girl—"Do you live in this neighborhood, may I ask?"

"I do—on the other side of these mountains," returned our heroine.

"What is your name? Excuse my questions; but I feel a strange interest in you, fair girl."

"My name is Imelda. I am an orphan. I was brought up by an excellent old man who is called Amos Durward."

"Durward!" repeated the lady, "I have heard of him. I live in the village of L——, a few miles in the interior; and to-day was out visiting with a gay party, when a strange inclination took possession of me to explore the windings of this defile—so, letting my companions take the lead, I quietly turned hitherward. No doubt they are now seeking me with avidity." And the lady laughed a merry little laugh. "My name," she continued, "is Mrs. Rosalie Sherbourne—I am a widow, and live on my fortune, which is enough to support me in the style which best suits my tastes, that is to say, above the ordinary way of living. I am, by nature, enthusiastic and romantic—and take the greatest delight in all that is beautiful and grand in this bright and happy world. I read in you, Imelda, something far above the ordinary type of womanhood. You seem to me the very impersonation of innocence and simplicity, and yet possessing qualities of mind of a very superior caste. Where were you educated, Imelda?"

"I was educated at home, by my adopted father, who is a man of more than ordinary intellect, as you would soon discover, were you to make his acquaintance, madam."

"I *shall* make his acquaintance, and that very soon, on your account, Imelda, for I must know more of you. An acquaintance so strangely commenced must not end here. You must visit me in my village home. You shrink at the idea! I see—I know; you would imply that you are entirely unused to society; so much the better. I shall have the more delight in seeing you unfold your loveliness under my protecting supervision. Now that I have seen you, and taken so unaccountable an interest in you, rest assured I shall not permit you to 'waste your sweetness on the desert air.'"

The young girl looked at her with her melting eyes, sighed, smiled—but was silent.

"Imelda!" said Mrs. Sherbourne, impulsively, "you are a poetess! Is it not so? I am answered," she resumed, as, after a moment's pause, she saw the crimson tide of sensitive feeling rise in the young girl's cheek, and mantle her broad, white brow, while the sweet blue eyes were veiled by the long, silken lashes. "Will you let me see that volume in your hand?"

"Oh, no! at least, not now. I should be ashamed—I mean, no one has ever seen what I have written in my solitary moments—not even my father. I do not think my effusions worthy of being read. They are only the impulsive thoughts of my soul, which I cannot restrain myself from committing to paper. But so crude and unpolished that I should blush to have them seen."

"Others must be the judge of that," returned the widow. "But I will not press you now. I fancy I hear the distant sound of voices and the trampling of hoofs. I do not wish any one else to discover this labyrinth of mountain and waterfall, nor their lovely spirit either. So, adieu for the present, Imelda! I shall seek you here again."

And turning her steed, she bowed gracefully, and was soon lost to the gaze of the solitary maiden, whose heart remained in a state of bewildering feeling at this strange and unexpected interview.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHANGE.

A few days after Imelda's interview with Mrs. Sherbourne, as her adopted father and herself were quietly partaking of their noonday meal, they were somewhat startled by the abrupt entrance of Victorine, the old housekeeper, who in her cat-like voice exclaimed, with much excitement—

"Mine goot master! mine dear chile! yare ish a strange madame riding to the door on a red horse, vat shines just so fine as floss silk. Just you come see! *Oh! Ciel!*"

"We have so few visitors," said Durward, smiling as his glance rested on Imelda, that it is no wonder Victorine is so astonished. Go to the door, my child! Perchance some lady from the next town coming to make inquiries regarding her way."

Imelda's cheek deepened in its hue, as she hesitatingly rejoined, "I think I have seen the lady before, father. She is from L——, and her name is Mrs. Sherbourne, a respectable and wealthy widow."

"Sherbourne!" echoed the old man. "I have heard of her. But what in the name of wonder brings her here? I have no acquaintance with her. However, don't keep her waiting there. Go and speak to her."

Imelda obeyed with alacrity. Dumard followed her to the door, and was introduced to the gay widow by his daughter. Accepting their cordial invitation to enter their dwelling, the lady was gallantly lifted from her saddle by the old man, who fastened the horse to a tree, while Imelda led the way to the pleasant sitting-room. Here an hour was quickly wiled away in social converse. Durward was highly pleased with the graceful and lively stranger, and Mrs. Sherbourne was deeply impressed by the dignity and intellectual superiority of the old gentleman, for gentleman he certainly was, in every sense of the word.

As the lady rose to take her departure, she observed ingenuously, "I must acknowledge, my kind friend, that my visit here to-day was principally on your daughter's account. I have taken an unaccountable liking to her—indeed, I might as well say, that I am quite charmed with her. I presume she has told you of our very romantic meeting among the mountains a few days since. No? Did you not mention it, Imelda?"

The young girl blushed and stammered, "I—I thought of speaking of it—but—"

"The fact is, Mrs. Sherbourne," said Durward, looking kindly on his adopted daughter, "the child is so reserved she rarely speaks of anything voluntarily. She is the quietest and most silent being you ever saw."

"And the most charming," added the widow, taking Imelda's hand. "I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Durward. You know me, you say, by reputation, and therefore could have no hesitancy in committing your daughter to my charge. I want you to permit her to visit me. It is not a very long distance to my home—she could easily ride over on a morning, spend the day and return before night. I see you have a pony yonder, which I can have no doubt she can ride. Let her go with me now—I will return with her to-morrow."

Imelda looked pleadingly at her father. Durward hesitated a few moments ere he replied. "I do not know how to part with her, madam; she has never left my presence for a whole day at a time. She is very young; and yet—perhaps I would do wrong in depriving her of the opportunities she would derive from associating with one of her own sex, one too, who is superior to most women in all that pertains to a true lady. Yes, I will consent to let her accompany pou, madam."

"I thank you, Mr. Durward, both for the compliment you pay me and the favor you grant me. Come then, Imelda, get yourself ready."

Half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Sherbourne and Imelda were trotting gaily along together towards L——, the best of friends. The widow was every moment more and more charmed with her young charge, who on her part felt a deep respect and gaining regard for a lady so dignified, and yet so fascinating in her careless gayety. Mrs. Sherbourne was decidedly a handsome woman. Her form was tall and graceful, her featnres extremely pleasing, her eyes were blue, and full of a merry, dancing light, and her hair, of a soft auburn, was braided carefully over a forehead that a phrenologist would say betokened a superior intellect.

The widow dwelt in a tasty white cottage, columned in front, and surrounded by accacias and weeping willows. A neat garden, filled with flowers three-fourths of the year, sloped down to the green gate fronting the dwelling, and a small but beautiful fountain played in the centre of a grass plot, its pebbled basin filled with gold and silver fish, their shining hue contrasting prettily with the deep green of the water lilies set in the midst of them. Among the white columns of the portico were trained blossoming vines, such as the honeysuckle, woodbine and trumpet vines, which were now in full bloom.

"What a lovely spot!" exclaimed Imelda, as they drew rein at the gate. "And this is your home, Mrs. Sherbourne."

"Yes; I am glad you like it. But I want to ask a favor of you. Henceforth call me Rosalie, as we are to be intimate friends in future."

"If you wish, I certainly shall. It is a beautiful name," replied Imelda.

"Thank you. Now let us dismount. Cicero!"

"Here I is, missus!" cried an old negro, making his appearance from some invisible region, "stop a bit, chile, till I helps you down."

The widow allowed Cicero to lift her from her horse, while Imelda sprang lightly to the ground, throwing the rein over the neck of her pony. Cicero, with a prolonged stare at the young girl, led away the animals, saying to himself, as he reached the stable door, "golly! who dat, I wonder? dis nigger never sot eyes on such a beauty. Golly! ef Massa Conrad ketches sight on her, Missus be a gone case, dat's sartain."

The widow introduced our heroine into a tastily furnished parlor, partially darkened by crimson curtains. A piano stood in one corner, and on the centre table were several richly bound volumes of prose and poetry. Imelda seated herself on a lounge, and looked with a pleased eye upon the elegancies around her, for she had only been accustomed in her own home to the plainest of surroundings. Her hostess left her for a few moments, and, on returning, invited her to a chamber where she could doff her riding skirt and hat. When this was done, Imelda was very far from being fashionably dressed—a dark green merino gown, made in the plainest manner, by Victorine, the only dressmaker the young girl ever possessed, but which fitted her form very gracefully, constituted her attire. As she glanced at the beautiful pearl-colored silk of her hostess, her neat collar and undersleeves of rich material, the vivid color rose in her cheek at the contrast between them. Mrs. Sherbourne quickly caught the blush, and silently resolved that she would soon made an alteration in the wardrobe of her beautiful protege.

Imelda had never seen, much less ever heard the sound of a piano, and spent the evening overwhelmed by the delighted novelty of its music, awakened by the hands of her hostess, who not only played, but sang sweet ballads in a voice so filled with power and melody, that the soul of the young poetess overflowed with pleasure.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "dear Rosalie! would that I possessed such an instrument, and could play and sing like you!"

"If you like, I will constitute myself your teacher. You are to visit me frequently, you are aware, and can easily take lessons if you choose."

"I will ask my father if I may," said Imelda, ingenuously, "it would give me great delight."

Our heroine sought the couch assigned her that night with a new feeling of happiness at her heart. Everything had combined to give her pleasure—her hostess was so kind and affectionate—her home was so peaceful and had such an air of refinement, and so many comforts and elegance hitherto unknown to the young girl, that it was not surprising she should feel herself a new being as long as the novelty lasted.

In the morning, after rising and dressing herself, Imelda descended from her chamber, and seeing only the servants stirring, viz: the old negro, Cicero, and an older woman, his wife, Hester by name, went quietly out upon the portico to breathe the fresh morning air, redolent of the scent of honeysuckles. As she passed out of the door, her long curls streaming from her spiritual head and falling carelessly upon her white, rounded shoulders, Cicero, who was opening the parlor blinds, muttered to Hester, as she rummaged in the entry closet for something needed for the morning meal, "golly! what you tink ob young missy, ole woman? Isn't she more handsome nor a sperret?"

"She's well enough," grumbled Hester, crossly. "Missus make dreffful fuss about her, anyway. Nuffin's too good for her. Got to fly round like ole Scratch since she come."

"Yah! yah!" chuckled Cicero, "you mighty fraid ob little trouble. Missus gone spile you, she has. Golly! *I* tink young missy der beautifullest cretur I ever sot eyes on. Wish Massa Conrad could see her!"

"You hush your talk!" growled Hester. "Better let missus hear dat—she pull yer wool fur you."

At this moment Mrs Sherbourne descended the stairs, putting a stop to the tongues of her sable attendants, and shortly after, breakfast was announced. After spending a delightful morning with her hostess, Imelda signified her wish to return to her father. According to promise, Mrs. Sherbourne prepared to accompany her young charge back again. Cicero brought the horses to the door, and the new friends galloped off in high spirits.

Ere they parted at the old mansion, the widow had coaxed Durward to promise that Imelda should visit her whenever she felt inclined, and that she should also take lessons in music from her. Imelda seemed so grateful for the assent of her father to her most ardent wishes, that the good old man could not forbear clasping her in his arms and kissing her fondly.

After this day, Imelda's pony trotted towards L—— very frequently, his mistress seeming happier at every trip. The young girl's visits were always in the morning, and the setting sun found her invariably at her father's gate again. Thus passed away three months, during which Imelda had improved, not in looks, for she could scarcely have become more lovely than we first presented her to the reader, but as to the fashion of her attire, and to the acquirement of various little accomplishments, music included. Mrs. Sherbourne had delicately proposed that her young friend should procure the services of her own dressmaker, and obtain a wardrobe more fitted to her age and appearance. A gentle hint to Durward, caused him to place a well filled purse in the hand of the widow, who had often accompanied Imelda on her return home, and ere long, the young girl ceased to contrast painfully her own attire with that of Rosalie.

"Imelda, *ma chere!*" cried the little housekeeper one morning, as her mistress was busily engaged altering one of her winter dresses, "vat for you keep so steel? You no say von vord zis hour. I been vatch you—you tink someting ver mooch. Vat for?"

Imelda smiled. "Yes; I was thinking of Mrs. Sherbourne. She wants me to go and stay a month with her."

"*Ciel!* You do no such ting!" cried Victorine, excitedly, her cat like voice sharper than usual. "She vant you always by and by. She have you too mooch already, three, four times in von veek—*mon Dieu!* Zat is too mooch!"

"However, if my father will consent, I should like very much to go," said her mistress composedly.

"Ciel! Ze grande madame will take you for sure. You no lief us any more; you luf Madame Sherbourne more as everybody. Ze poor Victorine! She is all forsaken!" And the excitable creature put her check apron up to her eyes, and whimpered a little.

Half laughing, Imelda tried to soothe her by protesting that she loved her just as much as ever, and promising she would bring her a handsome Christmas present when she returned from L——. At this, Victorine took down her apron, her pale eyes twinkling with pleasure, and darting at her young mistress, she hugged her frantically, exclaiming, "Mon dieu! Zat is so grande! Von bootiful present ven you sal come back! Vell, I say no more—Je suis contente!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

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WILL THE CONSTITUTION BE ALTERED?

The London Times seems not only to expect that the United States will be broken into something between two and twenty fragments, but that none of the pieces will retain the original form and type of the Constitution of 1787. That the present war will leave us as a people in some respects altered from what we were at the commencement of this struggle, is to be expected, but not more altered than we were from our condition at the time the Constitution was adopted, and not so altered as to make any vital change in the principle of the Constitution necessary, we firmly believe.

Just before the firing upon Sumter, it had become fashionable in some circles, even in the North, and among men who called themselves Unionists, to declare that a Republican form of government was an experiment that had been tried, and proved a failure, that we must have a stronger principle of authority, and upon the whole, not a few of these were inclined to think that an hereditary chief magistrate and an English constitution would be far better for us than a form of government such as we possess.

The whole of this nonsense has been swept away, or can now only exhibit itself among the Southern rebels. So that we may take it for granted that a President elected periodically, a Congress of two Houses elected by the people and by the States, will not be touched. The whole North will hold together upon these, the main points of the Constitution, even were the South to succeed in establishing its independence. The two points which alone could give rise to any change in the Constitution are the relation of the States to the general Government and slavery. As to the first of these, there is no question that the present rebellion will put an end to some dangerous theories of State rights—some supposed latent power of breaking loose at pleasure from the authority of the United States. But on the one hand there need be no apprehension of the individuality of the States being lost sight of so far as *local* legislation is concerned, nor on the other that the States will be left with military powers and organization to assume any independence of Congress in National affairs. As to the first of these points which was the great danger apprehended from historical precedents, let us look at facts. It is true that Scotland, and that Ireland as well as England, had their separate parliaments anciently, and that the two former have been swallowed up by the latter. But that was because these parliaments had originally powers not only of internal local legislation, but were representatives of *distinct Nationalities*. This is just the sort of rivalry which was extinguished by our Constitution, but which it has been the effort and aim of the South to revive. But has London been deprived of any of its ancient powers of local self-government, though a city now containing as many inhabitants as most of the larger of our States? In fact, local self-government is the easiest and best way of carrying out the details of a free general government.

As to the other point—slavery—it has been the cause of the rebellion, and its power to cause such another has been and will be effectually broken. But it had this power only because, as Mr. Stephens has shown, it was thought to be so nearly dead, that it was left to die silently. It has come to life again, but it is in the Constitution so provided for, that its extinction tomorrow need cause no change in the Constitution. It belongs to each State where it exists to see that it does not endanger the Constitution. If one or the other must be destroyed, there can be no doubt which must give way. But as for any great change in the Constitution of the United States, it is too good and too just for the civilized world to part from it. There is nothing better or more just and simple to displace it. The traditions and glories which have obscured it may be swept away like the cobwebs and dirt that have accumulated over a fine old picture. The spirit of the people may be turned from its degeneracy, but it will only be turned to and not from the Constitution of these United States.

A WILL CASE has been before the Court of Common Pleas in Pittsburg which has excited considerable attention. A Mr. William Johnston, of East Liberty, died, leaving all his property, worth about fifty thousand dollars, to a Mrs. Rosana Bolton, who kept the Johnston House, where the testator boarded for several years. The contestants of the will are Captain Alex. Dean and wife, the latter being the only child of the deceased, and the ground on which the validity of the testament is disputed, is, that Mr. Johnston was not of sound mind when he made his will. The case was tried on a feigned issue, and the verdict of the jury sustained the will. The case will probably be carried to the Supreme Court of the State.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.

The capture of Lexington will prove a severe blow to the Union cause in Missouri, and if, as is now probable, the forces under McCulloch are able to unite with Price's army, there is reason to apprehend that the next week will bring us tidings of other and greater disasters. The detachments which were hurrying to the support of the gallant Mulligan, will run great risk of being cut up in detail, and General Hunter will scarcely be able to prevent the occupation of Jefferson City and the installation of the rebel government. What could have been accomplished a few weeks since by sending forward in time a few thousand troops and a moderate supply of artillery, may now require a hard campaign on a large scale, and the rebels will thus have accomplished their purpose of preventing Fremont's threatened expedition down the Mississippi, by keeping him fully employed nearer home, and the States which have caused our disruption and civil war will thus escape its calamities, which are visited on those whose Union sentiments are made the very means by which they are most severely punished. It is scarcely, therefore, to be wondered at, that a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with General Fremont should be springing up throughout the region which he was sent to protect, and which has failed so utterly to receive protection. Missourians do not hesitate to say that he has been surrounding himself at St. Louis with an army of 50,000 or 60,000 men, composed of the best fighting material, amply armed and equipped; that he has accumulated vast stores of ordnance, and has fortified the city so as to render it impregnable, and that all this material of war has been kept idle, while the unprotected part of the State has vainly implored such portion of his forces as might have prevented invasion and insurrection from making headway, until the position of affairs is most critical. We know that the Western States have been most ardent in the patriotic alacrity with which they have rallied to Fremont's call, and we also know that his energy has brought together munitions of war on a scale of the most lavish expenditure. That he has a very large available force under his command there would seem to be no doubt, and the sacrifice of Lyon at Springfield, that of Mulligan at Lexington, and the threatening position of affairs for the future, would therefore appear to justify the complaint that he has not the capacity requisite for his arduous position. There may be truth in the statements so freely put forth, that he keeps himself inaccessible, and that he is thus allowed to know only so much of the progress of events as may suit the purposes of those by whom he is surrounded, and who are said to be using him for their own interests. When the blood and money of the people are offered like water, when all sacrifices that can be asked are cheerfully granted, our commanders must be held responsible for success, unless it can be shown that misfortune is the result of unforeseeable fatality. No political influence or favoritism should shield them from accountability for negligence or incapacity. The future of the Republic hangs in the balance, and, if a man in high position proves unequal to the trust reposed in him, no time must be lost in replacing him with some one who is competent. No doubt the Missouri campaign is attentively scrutinized in Washington; if Fremont has done his whole duty he will, of course, be efficiently supported, while if he is in fault, we have every confidence that he will be promptly superseded.

THE SURRENDER AT LEXINGTON.

The telegraph despatches received on Monday last, confirm the previous rumors of the surrender of the United States troops, under Colonel Mulligan, while defending Lexington. By this surrender, a strategic point of great importance is lost, as well as the services of 3500 men, who composed Mulligan's command. This is the largest capture which has been made during the war, and though the surrender was to a greatly superior force, under Price, yet the victory will serve to inspirit the rebels in that quarter, though it cannot affect the ultimate result, the complete crushing of the rebellion in that and every other quarter of the Union. Lexington is a town on the south bank of the Missouri, and in 1852 had 4000 inhabitants, though now it is reported at about 12,000—some of the wealthiest and most refined of the population of the State. It will constitute a rich prize to the rebels, who will be sure to pillage it and carry off all they can lay their hands upon. These reverses in Missouri, so different from the beginning of the war, when Lyon acted so promptly and vigorously, is causing a great deal of comment, and not a little complaint against Gen. Fremont's mode of conducting hostilities. Col. Blair says that Fremont has paid too much attention to the organization of a great expedition to go down the river, and too little to driving out the rebel hordes that infest Missouri. A successful blow upon the Mississippi would be likely, however, to rid Missouri of most of the rebels, but it does not seem good policy to lose so many men in indecisive skirmishing in the State, for want of timely reinforcements, while accumulating a vast force in the neighborhood of St. Louis. Lyon's policy rid the State of the rebels; but since Fremont has taken charge of the military operations there, the State has been again overrun. Lyon fell a sacrifice for want of reinforcements, Siegel had to retreat for the same reason, and now Mulligan has surrendered 3500 men, because he was not timely succored. These reverses indicate a lack of generalship somewhere, very injurious, not only to the State of Missouri, but to the Union cause generally, and it is time that a strict investigation was had into the conduct of the war in that quarter. It is said that Fremont's recruits have been taken away to defend Washington, which, if it left him impoverished, would be a sufficient justification of his seeming want of energy in succoring his Generals. Any General would find it difficult to come up to the public expectations formed of his abilities, based upon the injudicious laudations usually bestowed upon him by the press, in advance of any evidences of his military skill. Fremont may be suffering just now from this cause. Whatever may be the cause of these reverses in the West, the subject requires strict investigation and a speedy remedy. It is evident that the right man is not yet in the right place in that quarter.

CHEAP RAILWAY TRAVELLING has been carried to a very low figure in Bengal, where the regular charge is three miles for a penny, at which rate the cars are said to be crowded to suffocation, while the expense to the company is less than fifty per cent. on the receipts, which again yield a dividend of upwards of thirteen per cent. This cost for transportion on a railroad would seem small enough, if not the least that was practicable. But the Government of India, which started upon the principle that third-class fares should be lower than the cost of walking, has since, on the Bombay line, added a fourth-class fare of six miles for a penny, which is cheaper than walking even without shoes, as the expense of food to the pedestrian, during the time lost, is more than the rate for railway carriage. This reduction, it is reported, instantly doubled the total traffic. Whether what has been done in India with such decided success, might be effected in this country with like advantage, is, to say the least, doubtful. The cost of building and operating railways in the United States is probably greater than it is in India, where the character of the routes to be traversed requires less heavy grading per mile, and where the fuel and labor consumed in operating any line of road are, we suppose, less expensive. But a more important circumstance in calculating the comparative practicability of cheapening this kind of travel in Bengal and America is, that the former has an immense population which are content to ride in third and fourth-class cars at corresponding fares, while here the majority of those who travel by rail are able to pay for the best accommodations, and will have them if allowed a choice.

MAKING PAPER FROM CORN LEAVES.—Paper, said in many respects to be superior to that made from rags, is now manufactured in Germany from the leaves of Indian corn. The process is applied at the present moment on a very large scale at the imperial manufacture of Schlogelmuhle, near Glonitz, in Lower Austria. Although the machinery of the establishment was constructed for working rags, and is not at all adapted to the kind of preparation that corn leaves require, the essay which has been made has had a prodigious success. The paper obtained leaves nothing to be desired in strength, homogeneity, polish and whiteness. The conversion of the fibres of maize into paper pulp is also a simpler process than that employed in working rags, and consequently a cheaper one. The German papers speak very highly of the discovery, and predict that the price of paper will be materially reduced by it. The war has affected the newspapers of the United States so seriously that we see numbers of them have endeavored to lessen the cost of publication by using straw paper.

OUR IMPORTS of British manufactures appear, from the returns of the British Board of Trade, to have declined very considerably during the month of June last, although the total export trade of Great Britain is shown to have increased over ten per cent. In June, 1860, the total declared value of British exports was $46,180,000, while in June, 1861, it was $52,110,000. Of this latter amount, thirty-three per cent. consisted of cotton goods. The shipments to this country during the same periods were in June, 1860, $3,650,000, and in June, 1861, $684,000, or a loss of five-sixths, or over eighty per cent. The decrease was chiefly in cotton goods, linens and woollens.

VOLUNTEERS are to vote on the day of the general election in the same manner, as far as practicable, as if they had remained at home, the officers of their companies to act as judges and inspectors, and the returns to be transmitted to the Prothonotaries of their respective counties The law provides for the holding of an election in every camp that may contain a Pennsylvania regiment. Pennsylvanians in regiments not recruited in this State have no such right.

WHERE IS RAREY?

The Government is purchasing a vast number of horses and mules, and they will form a big item in the general account of war expenses. But what is the use of buying them, if they are not fit for use when delivered, or are utterly disabled by the abuse they suffer in the hands of horse-tamers and grooms? N. P. Willis, who recently visited the ground where the animals are kept, says that "a look at the *war-horses* at Washington is enough to stagger one's faith in the Union; or, at least, in that part of its defence that is to depend on cavalry." The horse camp is described by him as merely a great number of wooden pens, without roofs, where the poor beasts are tied in droves of twenties or fifties to long cribs, while mules are simply crowded together in an enclosure. Among hundreds of them, there was not one that looked fit to be mounted, or that would bring fifty dollars in Orange county. Mr. Willis says that they were evidently but the dregs of the whole country's horseflesh, gathered "on speculation," and foisted upon the Government by wholesale—showing that there was *somebody, somewhere*, who was either a knave or a fool. If this be a faithful statement of the case, then our cavalry service cannot be expected to be very efficient, while the people are paying enough for the proper furnishing and equipment of that important branch of the army, to have it perfect in every particular. No horse or mule should be accepted by the Government agents, that is not entirely capable of the service to be performed, nor should any be received in so wild a condition as to require breaking. Yet it appears that a large number now in camp at Washington are so intractable as to be rendered completely useless in the process of taming them. This results, however, from the ignorance and cruelty of the persons employed to break the horses and mules, and on this head Mr. Willis gives the following revolting description. He says:

"But, of all the cruelties to animals that I ever saw, the horse-breaking and mule-breaking—going on in the open field, outside the camp—was the most unmitigatingly barbarous! The private soldiers who had been ordered upon this duty, looked to have been picked out for their super excellence as natural 'knock-down-and-drag-outs;' and they went to work with only brute force, accordingly, simply whipping and beating the animal till he obeyed.

"Everybody knows what a contest this is, with such as are obstinate and vicious by nature; and, probably, a large proportion of the horses were sold to the Government from being valueless at home from these causes. The bloody heads and mouths, and swollen legs and shoulders, were, enough to make one's heart sick! The mules, which are still more obstinate than the horses, were so lashed and bruised that they were positively like 'illuminated texts'—the strips of raw flesh making them look like pictures fancifully decorated with scarlet. One or two were put into cages, where they could be reached and bitted without danger from their kicking and biting."

THE SITUATION OF KENTUCKY.

Notwithstanding the dangers threatening Kentucky, she appears to be entirely unprepared for the contest which is certain now to be waged upon her soil. The secessionists, knowing the ultimate end of neutrality, in their determination to carry the State out of the Union by force, have been arming and preparing themselves for the fight; and since Kentucky has assumed a decided position in favor of the Union, the secessionists are invading her from all accessible quarters on the Southern boundary. Unless there is prompt, decided and vigorous action at once, Kentucky will be, like Missouri, the scene of operations of all the banditti which can be raised in Tennessee and other rebel States. The volunteers of Indiana and Ohio are giving her aid, but not in sufficient numbers. Gen Anderson is at Louisville, organizing the forces as fast as they arrive. Gen. Sherman is at Lebanon Junction, organizing the Home Guard and citizens of Kentucky, who are coming forward with every kind of weapon and in every variety of costume. This camp is thirty miles from Louisville, on the railroad leading to Nashville. The rebels have done as they did in Missouri and Virginia, burned the bridges wherever this would obstruct the advance of the United States troops. The railroad from Nashville to Elizabeth town is in possession, and guarded by the rebels. The Nashville road has thirty-eight locomotives, of which the rebels have sixteen. They can therefore throw reinforcements forward quite as rapidly as the Government. Their principal force, under Buckner, is at Bowling Green, in Warren county, though an advance force of several thousand are as far up towards Louisville as Elizabethtown, near where is also General Rosecran, with the advance Union regiments. In all the movements yet made the insurgents show that they are in better condition to make offensive movements than the Union men. The right kind of spirit seems to be aroused in Kentucky, and with a sufficiency of arms, which at present does not exist, her own citizens will doubtless be able to keep the rebels in check until such a force is accumulated as will make their retirement necessary. Kentucky will probably be the opening for important strategic operations, for it is the nearest point, except the seaboard, into the heart of rebellion. If troops enough are not forthcoming by voluntary enlistment to put a large body of men into that State, the Government should resort to drafting.

SECESSION AT WORK IN CALIFORNIA.—Late files of California papers put us in possession of some interesting facts and speculations as to what is going on there respecting the rebellion. The Sacramento Bee, on the authority of a gentleman who came from Napa to meet the boat at Benicia, states that a United States war steamer was lying near the Straits of Carquinez, in the bay leading up to Vallejo, with her port-holes open and her guns out, pointing to Mare Island. The alleged cause for this position of the vessel is that the Government had received information that a conspiracy had been formed to blow up the powder magazine located on the northeast corner of the island. The Alta California says that, in various parts of the State, particularly in the Northern counties, there is unusual activity among the secessionists; that guns are being purchased, secret meetings held, and evident preparations made for a movement of some kind in or out of the State. The same paper adds that the number of secret sympathizers with the Jeff. Davis conspiracy is much larger throughout California than is generally supposed, and it urges the friends of the Union cause to greater vigilance. A citizen of San Francisco, in a communication to a leading journal of that city, says that there are at least "twenty thousand active secessionists in California, who are prepared to seize the first opportunity of raising the standard and hurrying the State into the train of rebellion." He adds:

"They are mostly reckless adventurers, and in desperate circumstances. If, out of the 100 000 votes to be cast in the State, they poll 10,000, remember that number is more in proportion to our population than those who have involved the State of Missouri in bloodshed. *I assert what I know*, when I say that throughout the length and breadth of this State, exists a secret secession organization, its ramifications extending into nearly every city and town in California. Our enemies have thus far confessedly excelled us in system, *combined* action, method, secrecy and thorough organization. They are exercising silent but ceaseless activity all over this State. Combinations, full of danger, are forming about us, and it is our own fault if we sleep in fancied security—Sumter like—until we are placed at their mercy."

FISHERMEN generally take one kind of fish by baiting their hooks with another, but we never were aware that turtles are caught in that way. One of the finny tribe, called the Indian Remora, that is quite rare in American waters, though abounding along the coast of Mozambique, was captured a few days since off Newburyport. He is described as having an elongated body, measuring sixteen inches, and covered with very small scales. The head is very flat, and furnished with an oval disc, formed by numerous transverse cartilaginous plates, the edges of which are fringed with small recurved spines or teeth, which enable the fish to fasten itself to other fishes or floating bodies. It is this last-named apparatus which constitutes the utility of this fish in catching turtles, in which business it is employed by the natives of Mozambique, in the following manner. A ring, to which a string is attached, is fastened around its tail; the fish, thus secured, is carried out in a boat, and as soon as the fishermen see a sleeping turtle, they row gently towards it and throw the Remora overboard, when it attaches itself to the turtle, and holds on with such tenacity as to insure his capture. The specimen caught near Newburyport has been presented to Professor Agassiz.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY at Newport is rapidly getting under way since the crowd of fashionable people have abdicated that famous seaside resort. The Aquidneck House and Fillmore House are both quite filled with the students and their friends, and the Board is engaged in examining the new appointees to the Naval School. On the 20th and 21st instant, forty youths were admitted to the Academy, among whom were a number from California, Texas, Delaware, Kentucky and Virginia. The Atlantic House, situated in the most agreeable part of the city, with a fine park in front, has been fitted up in a most elaborate manner for the winter quarters of the students. Gas and steam pipes are introduced throughout the building, and measures will be adopted to accommodate every State in the Union represented by young gentlemen of true loyal blood. The present class numbers about seventy.

RELEASE OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.—Pierce Butler, James W. Wall and Geo L. Browne were released from Fort Lafayette on Tuesday last. We suppose that this action of the Government arises from the recent investigation which it authorized to be made into the charges against the State prisoners, and that it has discovered nothing against these gentlemen which would warrant their further detention. Mr. Wall and Mr. Browne took the oath to support and defend the Constitution of the United States, and Mr. Butler took a pledge not to act hostilely to the United States or visit South Carolina without a passport.

FROM MISSOURI.

Particulars of the Defence and Surrender of Lexington.

Col Mulligan and the Commissioned Officers Prisoners—The Men Released on Parole.

We find in the Chicago Post the subjoined detailed account (a much better than any previously published,) of the desperate battle of Lexington, Mo., between the U S. forces under Col. Mulligan and the rebel troops under General Price. It was written by an officer who participated in the engagement:

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE

The enemy, we learned, were about 10,000 strong, under Gen. Rains. Colonel Mulligan immediately despatched Lieut Pease, of Company D to Jefferson City for reinforcements. Orders were also immediately given to construct entrenchments, embracing an area much larger than Fort White. The whole command worked day and night, and on the 12th, the works were rather more than half completed. The breastworks were 10 feet high, and the ditch surrounding them about 14 feet wide. On that side next the new town, mines were constructed beyond the ditch, communicating with our position inside. Our artillery consisted of two brass six-pounders, three iron six pounders and two six-inch mortars, for which we had only about a dozen shells. We also had but a small supply of round shot and musket balls, but plenty of powder.

On the 12th, Thursday, while we were still at work on the entrenchments, our pickets—companies A and C. of Marshall's cavalry—were driven in. Col. Mulligan immediately sent out companies B I, K and G, (captains Gleeson, Dan Quirk, Fitzgerald and Lieut. Wallace,) to entertain the enemy. The enemy's advance guard, about 5000 strong, were discovered in a cornfield on the top of the bluff near Old Town. We immediately fired upon them six volleys in rapid succession, killing about 60 of them before they could form in line. We lost in this part of the battle 8 killed and 15 wounded. We retreated into our entrenchments, followed by the enemy, who brought up six pieces of cannon and commenced playing on the college building, where our ammunition and all our provisions were stored. We replied with all five of our guns, giving them round shot and shell to their heart's content. The cannonading commenced about 3 o'clock P. M., and was kept up till dark. We used up all our shells before dark. We silenced one of their guns by knocking it to pieces, and killed, as we learned afterward, about 75 of their men. We sustained no injury at all, except in the using up of our ammunition. The action ceased at dark.

The enemy did not recommence the battle next day, for the reason that his reserve forces had not yet come up. We took advantage of the interim, to continue work on our entrenchments, working day and night. After the battle of the 12th in which the rebels were repulsed, a second messenger, Lieut. Ryan, was despatched to Jefferson city for reinforcements. He left Lexington on the steamer Sunshine, which boat was captured by the rebels on the way down and Lieut. Ryan was made prisoner. On the morning of the 17th we discovered that we were completely surrounded by the enemy, who had cut us off from the river entirely. His force was about six times greater than when the battle commenced on the 12th instant. The battle recommenced at eight o'clock precisely, a signal gun being fired from General Price's head quarters at the court house in the new town. The firing then recommenced with artillery on both sides. The enemy continued fighting from the 17th to the 20th, inclusive, night and day, without interruption. During this whole time we were without any water except about twenty barrels in cisterns around the college building. Most of this we had to keep for hospital purposes. On the morning of the 19th it rained heavily for about two hours, saturating our blankets, which we wrung out into our canteens for drinking. The rebels aimed most of their shots at the college building, supposing our magazine to be there, which it was at first. But after the engagement of the 12th we had removed it to a safer place. During the nights we continued to throw red hot shot at each other. During the days the battle was continued with both cannon and musket.

During the 17th (Tuesday) and the 18th, the rebels made very poor progress, getting no nearer to us than we found them when the battle begun. On the 19th (Thursday) they commenced erecting breastworks of hemp bales, from behind which they continued their fire, while they rolled the breastworks toward us. About three o'clock in the afternoon of that day they charged over the entrenchments upon Col. Peabody's Home Guards, and planted their flag upon the top of our breastworks. The Irish Brigade was ordered to leave the position on the opposite side to retake the ground which Col. Peabody had lost. We fired on the run and continued at double quick. The rebels scattered and fled like a flock of sheep, but left the top of the entrenchments covered with their dead. We killed about 500 or 600 in this single charge, and captured their flag. We lost about 30 killed and wounded. They had no bayonets, and most of their weapons were shot guns, and we did not give them time even to use these. They fired only at random. Col. Mulligan received a buck shot in the leg, which passed through the calf, laming, but not disabling him He received six or seven balls and buck shot through the green blouse he wore. This was the end of the action on that day; except the cannonading, which continued through the night.

On the 20th the engagement continued, with musketry firing at intervals. We fired hot shot into their hemp bale breastworks, hoping to set them on fire, but found they were saturated with water, for which purpose they dipped them into the river. They came up in force to the top of the hill, when the brigade left the entrenchments, together with Company A, of Col. Marshal's cavalry, and charged upon them, driving them down the hill with great slaughter. In this charge the cavalry company was entirely destroyed, both men and horses being killed. Col. Marshall himself was in the college building with the Home Guards. This charge, like the one of the previous day, was led by Colonel Mulligan in person. The brigade lost in this charge about sixty killed and wounded. The cavalry company received the whole contents of the enemy's battery of six pieces, which swept them entirely out of existence. But we drove the rebels from their battery and spiked their guns, not being able to take them from the field.

On the 20th, (Friday,) they brought up more cannon to their hemp-bale battery on the hill. Between 10 and 2 o'clock, we made three charges upon this battery. We were led by Col. White, of the Missouri 8th, Col. Mulligan being scarcely able to walk. Col. White and his men fought bravely during the whole battle. Col. White is one of the bravest of men. Col. Mulligan relied more upon him than upon any other officer of his commad. In the last charge upon the rebel battery, about 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, he was shot through the lungs, and died on Saturday morning.

Six different times during the siege the rebels were allowed to approach the entrenchments, on the side next the city, to the edge of the ditch. When a regiment had got sufficiently near, our boys inside would explode a mine, sending them up into the air and hurling them promiscuously in every direction, slaughtering them by hundreds. Six mines were thus exploded under their feet, and they evidently began to regard that side of the entrenchments as a dangerous locality.

Immediately after the charge in which Col. White was killed, Maj. Baker, of Col. Peabody's Home Guards, planted a flag of truce upon the entrenchments. Col. Mulligan immediately ordered it to be taken down. It was taken down, and the firing re-commenced and continued until 4 o'clock, when Captain Graham, of the Home Guards, again put up the flag of truce, and the whole force of Home Guards left the trenches, refusing to continue the fight. We were out of water and out of ammunition—three of our cannon had been silent since the day before, for want of shot; our men had only six rounds of balls left. The reinforcements we had expected had not arrived, and we had reason to believe they had been cut off. It was evident we could not hold out much longer. When the firing ceased, the rebels sent in a flag from their battery, and Col. Mulligan sent Major Moore to Price's head-quarters. Price came up in person and received the surrender.

A day or two previously Price had sent in a flag of truce to us, and offered, if we would surrender, to permit us to march out with our arms; but Colonel Mulligan promptly refused the overture

The rebels took from us everything except the clothes on our backs, and hurried us across the river on Saturday morning The swords of the officers were not taken away. Price said to Col. Mulligan that he was too brave a man to be deprived of his sword, and permitted him to retain it. Mulligan wept like a child when he found he must give up the battle which he had fought for four days without ceasing against an army of 31,000 men.

All the round shot we had were cast by ourselves at an iron foundery in the city. We continued this work until the rebels took possession of the town. The rebels had fifteen or sixteen cannon, and seemed to be well supplied with ammunition, round shot, grape and cannister.

There is no truth, nor shadow of truth, in the statement published in certain newspapers that Col. Mulligan, in reply to Price's summons to surrender, told him to "go to h—ll." The first summons we had from Price was a cannon ball; the reply to it was another. Neither is there any truth in the statement that he refused to give up his sword when it was demanded. His sword was not taken from him, unless it was done after his men left the ground. The statement that Col. Mulligan challenged Price to a fair fight, four to one, is also false. Col. Mulligan had enough to do in conducting the battle like a soldier, and a brave one; he had no time to spend in "buncomb" exhibitions of valor for the benefit of sensation reporters.

Col. Mulligan displayed the greatest coolness and bravery throughout. Both he and Colonel White passed over the ground where grape and cannister were flying in all directions, giving orders with as much coolness and consciousness of what they were about, as if there had not been the slightest danger. Both led their men to the charge against a storm of deadly hail, such as few veterans of the line have stood amidst without quailing. Their actions proved them to be men than whom there are none braver. Both deserved a better fate, the one being killed and the other wounded and a prisoner.

Before we left Claib. Jackson made a speech. He said we had no business in Missouri; that "we" (meaning himself, it is supposed.) would take care of that State without our assistance; and that we had better go home and mind our own business. All of which we listened to with such patience as became men who could not help it. Gen. Price also had something to say as we were formed in a line to be sent across the river. He passed a compliment upon Col. Mulligan's command, by stating that they had been the hardest troops to capture he had ever seen. In this he could not have intended to include the Home Guards. The Home Guards were not released, but held as prisoners by Price, and it was rumored that some of them would be taken to traitors to the State.

GENERAL PRICE'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept 28.—Gen. Price's official report, giving a somewhat detailed account of the battle of Lexington, has been received. The following are the closing paragraphs. Our entire loss in these series of engagements amounts to 25 killed and 72 wounded. The enemy's loss was much greater. The visible fruits of this almost bloodless victory are great. About 3500 prisoners, among whom are Colonels Mulligan, Marshall, Peabody, Whitegrove, Major Van Horn and one hundred and eighteen other commissioned officers, five pieces of artillery and two mortars, over 3000 stand of arms, a large amount of sabres, about 750 horses, many sets of cavalry equipments, wagons, teams, ammunition, more than $100,000 worth of commissary stores and a large amount of other property. In addition to all this, I obtained the restoration of the great seal of the State and the public records, which had been stolen from their proper custodian, and about $900,000 in money, of which the bank at this place had been robbed, and which I have caused to be returned to it.

Col. Vaughan, a prominent citizen of Lexington, who witnessed the entire battle, and who was at the time a prisoner of the rebels, asserts that fully 500 of Price's rebels were killed. The money of which Price says the Bank in Lexington was robbed, is understood here to have been placed in Col. Mulligan's hands for safe keeping.

LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM LEXINGTON.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept 29.—There are no reliable news of interest from Booneville, Georgetown, Glasgow, Rolla, or other prominent points.

Captain Walter, of Colonel Marshall's regiment, who was at Lexington, arrived this morning. He left there on Thursday at noon. He saw no rebel troops between Lexington and Sedalia, and says that the main body of General Price's force were there when he departed, and he believed that they intended to take a stand and meet our troops there, as the vicinity is well calculated, from its streams and deep mirey banks, without bridges, to trouble an advancing enemy.

All the U. States officers have been released on parole, but Col. Mulligan, who refused to give his for private reasons.

Price has probably 35,000 men, and the rebels on Thursday confidently expected that Hardee, with 8000 or 9000, and McCulloch with 10,000 men. were within two or three day's march of Lexington. They have no faith in McCulloch as a General, but think he is very effective with a small body of men.

A body of 10,000 Rebels were sent across the Missouri from Lexington, on Thursday, with the avowed intention of attacking Lane, who is reported on the other side of the river. Our troops had no cartridges, no grape or other shot left at the time of the surrender, but lost from 200 to 300 kegs of powder. The rebels are casting all kinds of balls at the Lexington foundry, which is at work day and night. The rebels are greatly encouraged and declare that St. Louis will soon be in their possession

Drafting in Kansas.

WYANDOTTE, Kansas, Sept. 24.—The following order has been issued here, in accordance with Section 4, Article 8, of the Consitution of the State of Kansas:

I hereby order every man in the State, between the ages of 18 and 45, capable of bearing arms, to immediately enrol himself in some military company, in accordance with the militia laws of this State, and each company is hereby ordered to hold itself in readiness for immediate marching orders. Each man will furnish all the arms in his possession. The refusal of any man to obey this order will be taken as evidence of his disloyalty, and he will be treated accordingly. [Signed] J P. ROOT,

Lt. and Act. Governor.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Important Advance of Genl. McClellan.

Munson's Hill Captured—The Rebel Flag Displaced by the Stars and Stripes.

WASHINGTON, Sept 29.—During the last week it was so frequently reported, from day to-day, that our troops had taken possession of Munson's Hill, that when, last night, this long predicated event took place, it found few believers among those least excited by sensation rumors. A personal visit, however, places the fact beyond doubt. The American flag now floats in place of that of the rebels. Detachments from Genls. Richardson, Keyes and Wadsworth's brigades, and also from Gen. Franklin's division, now occupy Munson's Hill, being in command of Col. Terry, of the Fifth Michigan Regiment.

Early this forenoon the pickets from General Smith's position advanced to, and now occupy, Fall's Church.

Neither this nor the preceding movements met with any opposition whatever, as the rebel army had on Friday night retreated from the whole line of their positions fronting Washington. Upton's Hill, this side of Fall's Church, is necessarily included among the points now held by the United States forces.

The works of the enemy at the places they had evacuated were, in a military view, almost worthless, being nothing more than rifle pits, of very common construction.

The positions at Munson's and Murry's Hill afforded the rebels nearly an unobstructed view of all our fortifications and other defences.

The appearance of the ground deserted by the rebels indicated that they were deficient in those arrangements which serve to make a camp life comfortable, having no tents, but merely shelters rudely constructed. There were no signs to show that they had ever mounted any guns there. Our troops are now so employed as to show that they do not merely intend temporarily to occupy their present positions.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE—ANOTHER BLUNDER—COLONEL OWENS' REGIMENT FIRES ON BAKER'S AND BAXTER'S REGIMENTS.

The advance of Gen. Smith on Fall's Church from the Chain Bridge was attended by events of the most deplorable character Having passed Vanderswecker's and Vanderberg's houses on their way to the former place and when about half a mile from it, by some unaccountable blunder, Colonel Owens' Philadelphia Irish regiment in the darkness of the night, mistaking for the Rebels Captain Mott's battery, which was in the advance, sustained by General Baker's California Regiment, Col. Baxter's Philadelphia Fire Zouaves, and Col. Friedman's cavalry, fired a full volley into the troops last mentioned, killing and wounding a large number. The California regiment, not knowing whence the firing came, returned it with marked effect. The horses attached to Mott's battery became unmanageable, and the tongues of the caissons were broken, owing to the narrowness of the road. Lieut. Bryan, having command of the first section, ordered the guns to be loaded with grape and cannister, and soon had them in range to rake the supposed enemy, when word was sent to him that he was in the company of friends. All was excitement, and a long time elapsed before the actual condition of affairs was ascertained and confidence re-established. Many confused stories prevail as to the parties on whom the blame should rest.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED

The killed of Capt. Mott's battery is Timothy Ray. Wounded—Corporal Bartlett and private Cilley, both of whom will will probably die, as they were not only run over by the gun carriages, but trampled on by the cavalry horses.

Of Gen. Baker's California Regiment, the killed were:—

Edwin Morris, Company L.
Joseph Pascoe, Company H.
Joseph White, do. do.

Sergeant Alexander Phillison, Company M, wounded; Darry Clinton, Co. L, slightly in the knee; Sergeant Brands, Co L, wounded in the head; Wm. Ogden, Co. M, also in the head; Timothy Gregory, Co. D., shot in the leg; R G. W. Blaker, Co. N, shot through the thigh; Wm. Smith, Co. L; Harry Warren, Co. N; G. W. Martin, Co. P; Martin Glening. Co. L; Luke Lutebin and Atwood Morris, both of Co. L.

In Colonel Baxter's Fire Zouaves none were killed, but the following named were wounded:—Sergeant Gray, Co D, shot in the head; Benj. Flood, Co. D, shot in the head; Lieut Shreeves, shot in the legs and head; Geo. Hargreaves, Co. K, shot in the leg. None of these wounds will probably prove fatal.

John Doran, Company I, 1st Pennsylvania Dragoons, was mortally wounded.

In Col. Owens' Philadelphia Regiment, Sergeant Gillon, Company B, was killed, and Sergeants W. B McCann and Charles Shields, of Company E, were wounded.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

The killed were all buried to-day near their encampments with military honors, while the wounded were removed to the Hospitals in Georgetown principally, where they are receiving the best attention.

There are reports of others being killed, but no positive information has so far been obtained concerning them.

WANTON DESTRUCTION OF DWELLINGS.

The conduct of the United States troops, today, while occupying the grounds recently vacated by the rebels, resulted in the burning of property to the amount of from $30,000 to $40,000, including houses with their contents, but which were untenanted, no distinction being made as to the political character of their owners. These wanton acts will doubtless undergo investigation by the military authorities, as they were strongly condemned by Gen. McClellan, who went over to the Virginia side to-day, at an early hour, visiting the various localities recently vacated by the rebels.

SHOT FOR INSUBORDINATION.

A private was summarily shot, to-day, by his superior officers for insubordination in refusing to perform duty.

THE OBJECT OF THE REBEL RETREAT.

Various speculations are rife as to the whereabouts of the rebel army, as no traces of them can be discovered in large force, occasional pickets of infantry and cavalry only being discernable at distant points, hovering as if for the purpose of observation. The most probable theory is, that from what can be gathered the rebels are making feints of retreat as they did previous to the battle of Bull Run, with the view of drawing our troops into ambuscades. This opinion is strengthened by the repetition of a conversation which a farmer residing in the neighborhood of Falls Church overheard the day before.

The encampments of the rebels show that they had at no time had over 10 000 men in front of Washington, and at the points which they have just evacuated.

THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

An officer detailed to observe the condition of affairs along the Potomac, returned to day, and reports that, with the exception of the battery recently unmasked by the rebels at Frees one Point, he could discover none in addition to those known to have existed several weeks ago. There is, however, information at head quarters that the enemy are erecting a number of batteries along the river; but their operations are probably concealed by the thick woods along the banks, so as not to be discoverable from the river until they are ready to unmask them.

Information has also been received that the rebels are pushing large forces towards the ferries in the neighborhood of Poolesville, and also down the river, towards Acquia Creek.

The sudden activity of their movements, and the extent of the forces thus thrown forward, indicate an attempt to effect a crossing of the Potomac immediately. These movements are closely watched, and preparations to meet them are promptly made.

During yesterday, the recently unmasked rebel battery at Freestone Point fired a number of shots, evidently with a view to ascertain the range of the guns. One shell from a rifled cannon is said to have been thrown entirely across the river, upon the Maryland shore a distance of four miles.

FROM FORT PICKENS.

BRILLIANT NAVAL EXPEDITION—REBEL PRIVATEER JUDITH CUT OUT FROM UNDER THE GUNS OF THE PENSACOLA NAVY YARD &c

The United States gunboat Connecticut, Com. Woodhull, from Fort Pickens via Key West, 23d instant arrived at New York.

The United States gunboat Rhode Island, Commander Trenchard, from Fort Pickens on the 21st and Southwest Pass on the 22d instant, also arrived at New York on Saturday evening.

The Rhode Island brings the following intelligence of the capture of the privateer Judith by a boat expedition from the United States ship Colorado:

On the 14th instant, a boat expedition from the Colorado, under the command of Lieut. John Russell, left the ship early in the morning, and attacked the privateer Judith, lying under the guns of the Pensacola Navy Yard, and after a sharp engagement succeeded in setting her on fire

The expedition lost three men killed and fifteen wounded. The following are the names of the killed:

Chas. Lanphier, boatswain's mate, of Boston.
G R. Henry, seaman, of Philadelphia.
John Smith, marine.

The rebel loss could not be ascertained.

The privateer Judith mounted four forty-two pounders and a long pivot gun amidships.

The United States ship Colrado was at Fort Pickens, and the Niagara and Waterwitch at the Southwest Pass.

The frigate Potomac arrived at Key West on the 2d inst, from New York.

The expedition which cut out the privateer was distributed in four boats. The plan of attack was for two of the boats to land in the yard and spike the guns on a battery lately erected, and then assist the other two boats that were to board the schooner. The expedition having approached to within a quarter of a mile of the vessel, which was lying with her stern just inside the slip, near where the dry-dock was formerly moored, began to congratulate themselves that they would make an easy capture, when a sentry gave alarm, which was immediately communicated to the crew. Our boys, seeing that no time was to be lost, rushed down in gallant style on the bow and stern of the schooner, and boarded. The crew on board had made the best of their time, and depressed their guns to bear on the boats, but the Colorados, not minding the shower of balls that fell around and among them, jumped upon deck, and after a severe hand to hand fight, had possession of the prize. Only one of the boats that were detailed to land reached there, the tide having swept the others past. The officer in charge turned to the assistance of the boarding party, and carried his men on board over one of the boats already along side.

The alarm had now spread to the troops stationed in the yard, who commenced to move down towards the scene of action. It being impossible to take the schooner out, she was set fire to, and our party retreated in good order to their boats. Before leaving, they gave the rebels a parting salute from the rifled howitzer in the launch, whose close range evidently did much damage, as the next day seven cart loads of pine boxes, supposed to be intended for coffins, were counted by one of Colonel Wilson's officers, who also saw two men hanging by the neck to the flag-staff, probably the sentries on the wharf when the attack was made.

Both officers and men engaged in this little affair behaved with the greatest coolness and courage, having accomplished thoroughly what they undertook. We trust that this success will be followed up by an attack on the Navy Yard; there are comparatively few troops there now, while we, with the assistance of Fort Pickens, can muster a very respectable force. A deserter, who came over to Fort Pickens a short time ago, stated that a large number of Bragg's men had deserted and that all were dissatisfied with their position.

From one of the officers of the Richmond I heard the following account of an expedition up the Pass-a-l'Outre, that came off on the 19th inst. The rebels having established a telegraph station up the Pass, were in the habit of communication intelligence of the movements of the squadron to New Orleans. Captain Pope, of the Richmond, determined to cut off the communication, and, if possible, remove the batteries, &c. He accordingly reinforced the crew of the steamer Water-Witch with a number of men and officers from his own ship, and ordered Lieutenant Commanding Winslow to proceed up the river and destroy the station. The Water-Witch started early in the morning and landed a party without any difficulty, who succeeded in destroying the wires, and a sub marine cable that connected with the New Orleans line. They also brought off a boat load of the apparatus, composed of powerful batteries, cups, &c.

As the boats returned to the Water Witch, a steamboat which had been watching their movements, came down within range and fired a shot, which the Water Witch immediately returned with several rounds of grape and canister, doing considerable damage, as the splinters were seen flying in all directions. The steamboat not relishing Uncle Sam's pills, retreated up the river followed by the Water Witch.

After a chase of twenty miles our side was obliged to haul off, having approached so near as prudent to a masked battery on shore. As soon as sand bags and guns arrive from Tortugas, the Richmond will commence a battery to mount thirteen guns at the junction of the S. S. E, and Pass-a-l'Outre, which will command the passage of that part of the river. The only difficulty they will have to contend with. will be the fire from a battery on the opposite side of the river.

Capture of James B. Clay and Other Rebels—Escape of Breckinridge.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 26.—Yesterday afternoon, Lieut Col. Letcher, with a detachment of Col. Woodward's regiment, captured James B. Clay, with 16 of his men, while they were on their way to join Zollikoffer. They were taken to Camp Dick Robinson. John C. Breckinridge was with the party, but managed to make his escape.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

GREAT SALE OF SOUTH DOWN SHEEP.—The "American Agriculturist" says: The sale of Mr. Jonas Webb's flock of South Down Sheep, at Babraham, England, on July 10th, marks an era in the history of sheep husbandry, and will long be remembered, both from the successful termination of Mr Webb's career as a breeder of sheep, and from the influence which the dispension of his flock will have upon the flocks of the world. All the leading South Down breeders of Great Britain were present, or were represented at the sale, and agents from nearly every quarter of the globe assembled to compete for the choice animals offered. The gathering of not less than 3000 persons on the ground showed the interest excited. The competition was keen, and the prices obtained were the greatest ever recorded. The highest priced animal, a two year old ram, was taken by our enterprising countryman, Mr. J C. Taylor, of Holmdel, Monmouth co., New Jersey, at one thousand two hundred dollars.

BUYING BAD HORSES FOR GOVERNMENT.—The Pittsburg Despatch says:—We learn from a reliable source that authorized agents buying horses in this vicinity for the Government are doing their work most shamefully. Some of the animals purchased present such a sorry sight that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company refused to transport them over their road, fearing that they may die on the way, and the company be made to pay for them. An instance of the rascality practised is thus related to us: A horse was purchased at the market, on Irwin street, the other day for *fifteen dollars*, and subsequently sold to a Government agent for *ninety-five dollars!* We also learn that forty-three horses, most miserable looking nags, will be sold on Saturday to defray cost of transportation thus far—the inspector having condemned them.

PATENTS ISSUED.—Among the patents granted during the week ending September 24. were the following:—C. F. Albright and L. Burkhard, Pottsville, Pa., improvements in removable carriage fronts; A. T. Dunshee, McKeesport, Pa., improvement in water filters; R H. Lecky, Allegheny City, Pa., improvement in machine for drilling oil wells; H. B. Middaugh and Albert Clark, Mansfield, Pa, improvement in horse power machines; J. A. Montgomery, Williamsport, Pa, improved canteen; John W. Newell, New Brunswick, N. J., improvement in manufacture of elastic cloth; Benjamin Reed, Pittsburg, Pa., improvement in washing machines; B. T. Roney, Bristol, Pa, improvement in coal stoves; Julia A. Ross, executrix of Jas. P. Ross, dec'd, late of Lewisburg, Pa., improved valve gear for steam engines.

LOW PRICES AT THE WEST.—The extreme West suffers considerably in consequence of the war for want of a market for its superabundant products. A letter, says the Boston Journal, from our correspondent in Iowa says that eggs were selling there at *one cent a dozen* and corn at fifteen cents a bushel; apples, with which the trees are loaded down, twenty-five to thirty cents per bushel; flour two dollars per hundred pounds, &c.

SAD MORTALITY.—One of the saddest cases, says the Boston Transcript, of mortality, that has come to our notice, is found in the Millet family, which resides in Minot, within a radius of two miles. The family has lost fourteen children by diptheria, within the past few months; and not a single child or person of any other family in the vicinity or town has died of this disease.

TRAITORS SENTENCED.—Ulysses C. Vannosdoff and Isaac Wilcox have been tried by court martial in St. Louis, on the charge of taking arms against the Government, and found guilty. They were sentenced to be confined at hard labor during the war, and to have their property confiscated for the benefit of the Government. The sentences were subsequently confirmed.

EXAMINATION OF VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.—Two Colonels and twenty-five other commissioned officers in Gen. McCall's Division and several from other divisions, have resigned, in anticipation of a call before the dreaded Board of Examiners. It is believed that many will be discharged for incompetency.

STEALING AN UMBRELLA FELONIOUS.—Justice Burt, of Buffalo, a few days since settled a long disputed question, in the most emphatic manner, by sentencing a man, named Leonard Fuchs, to six months of imprisonment and hard labor in the penitentiary, for stealing an umbrella!

A PRETTY GIRL was lately complaining to a Quaker friend that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in the lips by chaps "Friend," said Obadiah "thee should never let the chaps come near thy lips."

"OH, MY FRIEND," said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die once." "And it's that vexes me," replied Pat; "if I could die a half a dozen times, I'd not care a cent about this time."

THE EASTON SENTINEL, one of the papers destroyed by a mob some weeks since is out again, and a home-guard has been formed, composed of many of the principal citizens of that place, to prevent mob violence.

WHEN sponges get greasy and dirty, put them in a jar and cover them with milk. Let them stand for twelve hours, and then wash them in cold water.

MR. LENOX, of New York, who has one of the finest private galleries in the country, has given Church a commission for a $5,000 picture

EVERY unmarried man in the town of Washington, Ind., except one, has gone to the war.

CITY MATTERS.

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM B WOOD.

Mr. William B. Wood, so long connected with the Philadelphia stage, died on Monday night September 23d, 1861, at his residence, Sansom street, above Seventeenth street in the eighty-third year of his age. Mr. Wood is but little known to the young of the present day, for it is thirty-five years since he retired from the management of the Chesnut street theatre, and almost as long since he bade farewell to the stage. His connection with the Chesnut street theatre as an actor commenced towards the close of the last century, and soon after the beginning of the present, he, in company with Mr. Warren, assumed the management. It was while acting in that capacity that the theatre was destroyed by fire, which took place on the 2d of April, 1820, while the Company was performing in Baltimore. Two years elapsed before a theatre was erected on the site. The new theatre was opened on the 2d of December, 1822, at which time Mr. Wood delivered an address, written for the occasion. During the management of Messrs. Wood & Warren, a number of the most celebrated English actors were introduced to the Philadelphia public, among them, Cooper, Cooke, Kean, Macready, and Booth. Mr. Wood though, perhaps, the most delicate of all that have been named, long survived them. His longevity was somewhat remarkable under the circumstances. It is related that Cooke, when in Philadelphia in 1811, thus alluded to Wood & Warren. "Wood's a pleasant, gentlemanly manager to deal with, but I don't like that complaint of the chest; think he's not long for this world; his partner (Mr Warren) looks as if he might stand firm for a century." Notwithstanding the more robust appearance of Mr. Warren, Mr. Wood survived him twenty-eight years. As an actor, Mr. Wood had no superior in his line—certainly none that exceeded him in his range of parts. In tragedy or comedy he was alike successful. Throughout his long professional career, he enjoyed the respect of the citizens of Philadelphia in a high degree. For some years past, Mr. Wood's health has been extremely impaired, and two or three years have elapsed since he appeared upon the streets. Both his arms were paralyzed, one by a sword wound he received many years ago upon the stage; the other by a fracture caused by a fall, from the effects of which he did not recover. He retained his faculties in almost their full vigor to the period of his death.

CONTINENTAL THEATRE CALAMITY.

Miss Zela Gale and Miss Abbie Carr, two of the fourteen who were burned at the Continental Theatre, died at the Hospital on Thursday afternoon, within two hours of each other. Until within a day or two there were hopes that both of these unfortunates would recover. Miss Carr did not at first seem to be fatally burned, and when admitted into the Hospital, her recovery was thought quite probable. It was Zela Gale who, in drawing the dress from the nail, set fire to it, and who was enveloped in a thick skirt by one of the young girls in the room, which extinguished the flames. Mrs. Gale is quite prostrated in consequence of the suffering and deaths of her four daughters. She is at the Hospital, and is confined to her bed. These last two deaths make nine victims of the Continental Theatre calamity.

The funeral of Miss Zela Gale, the last of the four sisters who met with their death from the effects of the injuries they received at the Continental Theatre, on the night of the 14th of September, during the performance of the "Tempest," took place last Sunday afternoon, from the residence of Mr. William Wheatley, Ninth street, above Vine.

Before the hour announced for the funeral to take place, the neighborhood was thronged with a large concourse of people, mostly females—a great number of whom besieged the steps of the house and eagerly sought to obtain admission.

As on the former occasions, at the hour named, the doors were opened, and those who were desirous of obtaining a glimpse of all that remained mortal of the unfortunate girl were permitted to enter in small groups, and after viewing the body pass out through the rear entrance of the house.

The corpse was dressed with garlands and wreaths. The Rev. Mr. Durburrow, of the Church of the Evangelist, performed the funeral ceremonies, according to the Episcopal rites. The body was then conveyed by pall bearers to the hearse. The carriage containing Mr. Wheatley, his wife and Mrs. Gale, followed, with a train of carriages in the rear. The body was committed to the grave by the side of her other sisters, at the Mount Moriah Cemetery.

TRIAL OF A STEAM PLOW.

A steam plow, made in England, is about to be tried on a farm in the vicinity of the Lazaretto. The engine by which the plows are moved, is similar in form to an ordinary locomotive, with the exception that the two steam cylinders are on the top of the boiler, instead of being at the side. It is nominally of twelve horse power. This machinery differs from all other tried in the United States, in this, among other particulars, that the engine does not drag the plows after it across the fields, but remains upon the headland, and draws the plows backwards and forward over the field by means of a wire rope, which passes around a driving drum under the engine, and extending thence to and around a pully at the far side of the field and back again. The two cylinders on the engine work upon the same crank shaft, which moves horizontally across the middle of the boiler. This shaft is connected by gearing to the hind wheels, giving the engine locomotive power when desired. Gearing of a like character is connected to a drum, which revolves on a vertical axle under the middle of the boiler. This driving drum is of a peculiar construction, to procure adhesion between the drum and rope. There are about forty pairs of nippers around the periphery of the drum, forming a grooved wheel, so that when the rope presses inwards towards the centre of the wheel, the nippers press together, squeezing the rope between them. The far pulley is mounted on a carriage, having thin disc wheels, which cut deep into the ground, resisting a side pull and presenting little resistance to forward movement. The plow frame is balanced at the middle on a pair of wheels, upon whose axles it tilts. The two ends of the frame are exactly alike, and make an angle of about 158 degrees between them. They carry each four plows in a gang, the two gangs looking towards each other, and the whole so arranged that, when one gang is at work, the other is lifted in the air. By these means, the furrows are all thrown in one direction, and the frame is never turned around. There is a locking motion between the plow frame and the axles of the wheels, giving an admirable means of steering the whole. The capabilities of this steam plow, the invention of Mr. Fowler, of England, are said to be great. It will plow from 10 to 20 acres of land per day, according to the nature of the soil, at one fourth the cost of plowing with horses.

THE NATIONAL FAST DAY.

There was a general observance of the day set apart by the President for fasting, humiliation and prayer. Most of the places of business were closed, as well as the Courts and public offices, while religious services were held in the churches of every denomination. The quiet of the Sabbath pervaded the entire city. Work was wholly suspended at the Navy Yard, and almost entirely so in the workshops, ship-yards and manufactories of Philadelphia. Most of the churches were numerously attended. In those of the Episcopal denomination, in accordance with the recommendation of Bishop Potter, collections were taken up to aid in the erection of a church on the banks of the Allegheny, to be known as the Bishop Bowman Memorial Church. At the Ebenezer M. E Church an address was delivered by Rev. Pennell Coombe, and a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. The Rev. E. W. Hutter delivered a discourse on National Responsibilities, before a large assemblage, in St Matthew's Lutheran Church. The Young Men's Christian Association met in the morning, at their Hall, Chesnut street, near Tenth, and held a prayer meeting Chosen Friends Lodge, I. O. of O. F, attended Sanctuary M. E. Church, to participate in the solemnities of the day The Rev. James Neill delivered a discourse before the Young Men's Christian Volunteer Company, at Central M. E. Church. Two military companies one of Gray Reserves the other of Home Guards, attended St. Paul's M. E Church, to listen to a discourse by the pastor, on the True Life of a Nation.

The German Hebrew congregation celebrated the day by services in their new Synagogue, in Julianna street

THE COUNTY PRISON.

There are now about seven hundred persons confined in the Philadelphia County Prison at this time, four hundred and nineteen of whom are on the untried side. During the month of August there were over fifteen hundred received and discharged. The health of the prisoners is good, and there was but little sickness during the summer. Among the inmates on the untried side are the forty privateers, the crew of the Petrel, and a portion of the crew of the Jeff Davis. They occupy an entire range of cells on the second corridor. The lad Sharkey, one of the crew of the Petrel, who was very sick when they arrived here, and who was no doubt forced into the rebel service, has been removed to the Debtor's apartment, and is fast recovering. Among the prisoners received into the institution yesterday was one who had been committed there at least twenty times for larceny, and who has served several terms of imprisonment. He was also an inmate of the Walnut street prison. Another, who had been committed for vagrancy by Ald. Brazier, at his own request, has been received at intervals for the last fifteen years, and who is seldom three months at one time out of prison. There are now six old professional pickpockets in the County Prison, under bail for their future good behavior. They were seen in crowds "working" as it is called, but are not known to have picked a pocket.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Mrs Stryker was burned to death on Thursday night, of last week, at her residence at Tacony. She was found dead in her dwelling yesterday morning, with her clothes burned off. From the fact that the fragments of a fluid lamp were found in the yard, it is supposed the accident resulted from the explosion of a fluid lamp. Several small children were in the house but they were not injured.

DEATH OF A VOLUNTEER.

A volunteer, name unknown, was found on Saturday, at Germantown, in a dying condition, and removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he expired in a few hours. The initials N. D were on the arm in India ink. Coroner Conrad held an inquest on the body, and the jury rendered a verdict of death from intemperance.

FOUND DEAD.

Officer Reed, of the Nineteenth Ward, found the body of an infant on last Sunday morning, at Fifth and Oxford streets. The Coroner held an inquest, and, from the evidence adduced, the jury rendered a verdict that the child had been still born

ENROLLING THE MILITIA.

The militia of Camden county, New Jersey, are being enrolled in accordance with law. During the past week notices have been served upon all liable to do duty.

ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL AFFAIRS.—The U. S steam sloop-of-war Brooklyn, Captain Poore, reached our Navy Yard, on Saturday evening. It is thought that the Brooklyn will require a thorough overhauling to render her fit for service.

The new iron steamship St. Mary, which was purchased by the Government at Wilmington, Del., a short time ago, was brought to the Navy Yard on Saturday. She will be got ready for sea with despatch. The St. Mary will make a valuable addition to the blockading fleet, as she is of sufficient size to carry guns of the heaviest calibre.

The steamship State of Georgia is also at the Navy Yard, and will be converted into a gunboat as soon as the work can be done. Like the St. Mary, the State of Georgia will carry a heavy battery.

The boiler for the new sloop-of-war Tuscarora, was taken on Saturday, from the foundry of Messrs. Merrick & Sons, to the Navy Yard. In consequence of its weight, the wheels of the wagon upon which it was carried, sunk to the depth of several inches in Federal street, and there was considerable delay in extricating them.

The San Jacinto and the Mystic are daily expected here for repairs, and the St Louis, of the blockading fleet, has been ordered here for repairs.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, October 2, 1861.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE WAVES HAVE WORN THE SOLID ROCK," is not without merit, though it is marred with imperfections that will preclude its publication.

The Sketch, &c., by "Stella," are smoothly written, but are hardly up to publication point.

"OLD TIME," "THE RESURRECTION," and "THE FLOWER OF LIFE," effusions of very considerable merit, we have filed for early publication.

"GENTLE ANNIE," by "Stella," is smooth and prettily turned, and we shall try to give it place soon.

FORT LAFAYETTE, though quite as secure a prison, is very different in its internal arrangements and economy from the old French Bastile, with which some people are so fond of comparing it. A writer, who has examined it lately, says it is not so much of a dungeon as it is a somewhat "exclusive" boarding-house. The rules which govern the persons now confined there are pasted conspicuously on the wall of each apartment, and they provide, among other things, that each room must be ready for inspection at nine o'clock in the morning; that washing must be done in the yard of the fort; that prisoners must not talk with any member of the garrison, except the sergeant of the guard, to whom they may communicate their wants; that they must not leave their rooms unless in company with a guard, &c., &c. Among the privileges allowed, are free conversation between those confined in the same room, provided they do not talk about the political affairs of the country in the hearing of any member of the garrison; lights in each room until quarter past nine, P. M; an hour's promenade, morning and afternoon, about the premises, with a guard (during which intervals they may call on and converse with their fellow prisoners in other rooms) and so on. Those who have money may fare almost as sumptuously as in a first-class hotel. Some have clubbed together and have their meals furnished to order. One of the officers of the fort, with whom their funds are deposited, acts as purser, and the wife of one of the soldiers does the catering, cooking and washing for the clubs. To meet outside bills for food, newspapers, tobacco, and other comforts, the prisoners give an order on the purser. The club-men live well at a cost of about one dollar per day, pass their time in reading, talking among themselves, playing cards, chess and checkers, and gazing at the bay and shores of Staten Island, of which they have an unlimited look-out view. Their correspondence is, of course, subject to censorship, but with this exception and those other restrictions which are essential to their safe-keeping, they are courteously and kindly treated. On the whole, the living in Fort Lafayette is quite another sort of thing from that in the famous prison in which France used to secure her political criminals.

THE ALARM ALONG THE COAST.—The operations at H[illegible] seem to have greatly alarmed [illegible] are abandoning the positions they assumed to annoy the blockading fleet, and are concentrating their forces for defence and strengthening their fortifications. Ship Island, which lies between New Orleans and Mobile, and which was fortified by the rebels, has been entirely abandoned. The United States troops had taken possession of Chandeleur Island, and, according to a New Orleans paper, had put up nine batteries, and were making preparations for the reception of 12,000 troops. They also intended to fortify Ship Island. Mobile is also moving to strengthen the Gulf coast. "The city authorities of Mobile," says the Advertiser, "have procured two battalions of light artillery, and ample stores of ammunition." Fort Gaines is to be strengthened, and the neighboring coast is being attended to. The New Orleans Picayune calls upon the city authorities to put every vessel in the harbor into commission, and to extend the chain of forts all the way to the Belize. The taking of Washington or the occupation of Maryland is of no consequence, it argues, compared with the loss of New Orleans and the seizure of the cotton crop. This alarm shows where the rebels think their vulnerable spot lies.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE are sometimes very remarkable. Instances of individual success or adversity not unfrequently occur in real life, which are more marvellous than anything related in the pages of the romancist. Hence the old proverb, that truth is stranger than fiction. The ups and downs of human existence are generally attributed to accidental causes, or what some people call "luck," though they may most often be traced to a train of circumstances, events, and agencies which have nothing whatever to do with supernatural influences, but depend alone on the will and action of those who are lifted suddenly into prosperity or depressed to obscurity and want. A sad case of this kind occurred the other day in New York. Dr. Loring, who was long well known in that city as a most eminent physician, in large practice and holding a high social position, died suddenly in lodgings afforded by a tenement house. He had become so poor as not to be able to procure the comforts necessary to a person of his age and physical condition, and he died of debility—or, in plain words, starvation. He was once wealthy and influential.

CHANGES IN WARFARE.—The improvements which have been made in firearms, both in their range and precision, have introduced corresponding changes in the mode of warfare. Formerly men were massed in great bodies and hurled against the centre of the foe. Now the practice is to diminish the depth of column and accelerate the advance. In the recent manoeuvers at Chalons, before the French Emperor, the line formed in order of battle was only two deep, the purpose being to expose as few men as possible to the effects of a single bullet and the quick movement to keep them the shortest possible time under fire. The movements of the soldier having been accelerated, some change in the dress was required. Accordingly, the old trowsers and tight coat have been superseded, and in their place has been substituted an easy costume, consisting of Zouave breeches, leathern leggings, and white linen gaiters.

☞ There were 219 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 89 were adults, and 130 children. There were 29 deaths from Consumption of the Lungs; 14 from Scarlet Fever; 8 from Cholera Infantum; 12 from Marasmus; 6 from Diptheria; 16 from Debility; 7 from Dysentery, and 11 from Small-pox.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

Time has now elapsed since the publication of Dickens' Great Expectations for the public to be sufficiently cooled down after reading, to be able to criticise the novel as a work of art, and it is only by such after an impartial criticism that works of this kind do their most real good. The endings of all of Mr. Dickens' works are wholesome, and decidedly the best part of them. He deals justly with his characters, and makes them contented with humble happiness rather than gratified by the fulfilment of the "great expectations" with which they set out. This is perhaps one of the best proofs of his very high powers. The middle of many of his works, and this one more perhaps than any other is, however, if not decidedly low, quite disgusting in the maudlin sympathy sought to be excited for all sorts of marauding characters. His hero, Provis or Magwitch, the returned convict, is a criminal of every grade except murder, and the effort of the story is to make him respectable and interesting through his one great redeeming passion, his grateful desire to make Pip a gentleman. The character of Pip, too, ends well, as does that of Estella, the proud daughter of a gipsy murderess, yet in the conduct of the story neither character is probable. Pip could cut Joe because he was too low, although he always loved him, yet would not cut Magwitch, whom he did not love, and who was a thousand times more degrading, while yet all the time resolving never to touch his money. This last resolve was most unnecessary, as the money was all most honestly earned. In fact there is something so foolish, so Quixotic and absurd, in his scruples on this point, that after making all sorts of allowance for English and aristocratic notions, it is quite unaccountable. Yet the object of the work is to make everything aristocratic appear corrupt and absurd, and to exalt the lowly village blacksmith, henpecked and ignorant, yet wealthy in strong affections. Nothing can be more perfect than the success in showing the real excellence of the character of Joe Gargery; that character and the humble Biddy, so affectionate, so constant, and yet so meek, are admirable. The latter, indeed, reminds the reader strongly, almost too strongly, of Little Dorrit, and of one or two other female characters produced before. Yet the exhibition is so fresh, so wholesome, that Joe and Biddy are almost the only really worthy characters in the volume, unless it be Wemmick. There is no well carried out villain in the whole piece. Jaggers excites great expectations in that line at least, and seems to have been begun for a second, and more infernal sort of Oily Gammon. But Dickens' heart seems to have relented. Compeyson, who is the real and natural villain of the work, is strangely kept out of sight, as if, which is probably the case, Dickens saw little good and much danger in delineating, as Bulwer would have done, most accurately such a finished scoundrel. The contrast between Dickens and Bulwer increases most strikingly with every new novel that either writes. Bulwer, starting where Sir Walter Scott ended, carried the regular novel as much beyond Scott as Scott had purified it and carried it beyond the grossness of the Fielding school. Bulwer writes as Raphael painted. He works up every form of beauty, and, with a rich and florid conception, gives embodiment to the most perfect and glorious conceptions of the human mind. But in painting there has arisen of late years a style known as Pre-Raphael. One that relies simply upon truth to nature and some one or two elements of great simplicity and power, to give the picture its interest without any of the gorgeous touches and beautiful lines of the great Roman master. In fact, the aim of this school is to restore the art to where it was before Raphael, and put it where it would have been had he never appeared. The most homely characters are rendered interesting simply by the exact truth to nature with which they are delineated. A similar school has risen up in modern novel-writing, and Dickens may now well be considered as the champion of the Pre-Raphaelite school of writing, as Bulwer is the acknowledged head of Raphaelism. Each will live long, Bulwer perhaps forever, as the greatest English classic, Dickens as the greater benefactor of the lower classes.

POLITICAL FINANCES.

The people are becoming satisfied that through party management our elections are a prolific source of fraud and corruption. They know that large sums of money are raised to control elections, both by direct bribery, the buying off troublesome candidates and the purchase of their party managers, but they probably are not aware this corruption is carried even into State Legislatures, and for favors promised to particular interests, a large election fund is frequently raised. These facts are well established by the trial which has recently taken place in New York, in which Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune, was indicted for a libel on Mr. Littlejohn, of the Legislature, the former having declared that certain railroad grants were carried through the Legislature by corrupt means. It was generally supposed that the charge pointed to direct bribery of the members of the Legislature for their votes, but it appears by the candid confession of Mr. Thurlow Weed, that the grant of the Legislature was a return for financial aid from the railroads by which the election was carried. Not only railroad companies, but banks and other chartered corporations, Mr. Weed says, have furnished the election fund, and received Legislative privileges in return for the money which they lent. The money first corrupted the electors, or what is more probable, those who knew how to manage elections, for the mass of the people are entirely ignorant of the fraudulent means by which majorities are secured, and then the so-called representatives of the people, elected under such influences, still further cheated their constituents by giving away their rights as special privileges to corporations, so that in reality, corporations rule and not the people, the latter only acquiescing, by their votes, in what shrewder managers have previously agreed upon. The men who will be employed in making these corrupt bargains with chartered companies are not expected to be too scrupulously nice about the appropriation of the money thus raised. It is very well known that there is a large class of political vagabonds, who have no decent, ostensible mode of living, and who manage to flourish during an entire political campaign like gentlemen of fortune. The elections are their harvests. They manage to get possession of this money under the pretence that voters may be secured by it, and then they colonise, issue false naturalization papers, put pretended names upon the extra assessment to be voted upon at the polls, manipulate the ballot boxes and alter returns of elections; do any cheating and fraudulent act in which they cannot be easily detected, to secure a majority, and show the value and necessity of their services to secure success. We hope the trial the country is now passing through will tend to purify political parties, and re-establish the control of the elections in the hands of the people.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

A N. Y. paper calls attention to the number of persons, in military clothes, who are hanging about the hotels and strutting the streets of that city, who, it remarks, had better be at the seat of war. We have no doubt that many of the individuals referred to are only soldiers in so far as their habiliments are concerned, and that they are merely enjoying the credit of the service, without being connected with the army, or meaning to be. There are plenty of such impostors in all our cities, where they manage to pass in the crowd for what they seem, and it would be well if it were possible to detect them and put them in a pillory, where they might receive the peltings of public scorn. But there is another class of pseudo patriots who are not much, if any, less worthy of contempt. They are the eloquent gentlemen who make grand speeches and write fine letters weekly, in which they applaud the glorious cause of the war in the fiercest phrases, and call on everybody (but themselves) to rush to the field and do battle for the Union, the Constitution, human rights, civilization, and all that, proclaim how freely they would shed their blood, but take precious care to keep at such a distance from the battle-field that their person is in no danger. Now, this is a very cheap and a very safe way of gaining a wide reputation for patriotism and making one's self popular. And it is apparently supposed by those who practise this sort of patriotic imposture upon the simple, good natured people, that the degree of their loyalty and courage will be regarded as precisely proportioned to the high-sounding words they use, and the overwhelming furiousness with they would precipitate themselves upon the foe.

But the question that naturally arises with the public, whenever they meet with one of these declamatory patriots, is—why don't he do himself what he so violently urges others to do? How can he possibly have so much belligerent fire in his bosom, and yet let it burn itself out in the dead ashes of speech? Their precept would be much more effective in filling the ranks of the national army, if they would enforce it by their own example, while their reputations, now and hereafter, would be greatly raised in public estimation by the same means. There is no lack of men to talk in favor of fighting the rebels and very many of those who have, up to this time, been doing nothing else, may be spared henceforth from that kind of service. Drafting would test the sincerity of these mouth patriots. The times call for men of deeds. Mere men of words have no right to flourish as such devoted patriots when there are thousands freely exposing their lives without so much as saying a word about it.

A GOOD MOVE.—The woman of Lancaster city and county have organized a number of stocking-knitting associations, for the purpose of supplying the volunteers with a most essential protection to the health and comfort of the soldiers during a winter campaign. Standing Committees have been appointed to procure wool, yarn or money to purchase materials. This is a practical exhibition of patriotism and benevolence, which is highly commendable and ought to be imitated by the women in every county of the commonwealth.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Silver Cord. By Shirley Brooks. Harper's, New York. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

This popular novel has been transferred from the Magazine of the publishers to book form, and is now offered to the public in a connected and more enduring shape. The reputation of the author, and the favor the story met in monthly fragments, sufficiently commend it to favor. It is handsomely illustrated, neatly printed, and tastefully bound in one large volume.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Arch* St. Theatre, the new drama of "Jeannette; or, the Idiot of the Mountain," has been produced in very superior style. The dresses, scenery and properties are all new, and strikingly effective; in addition to which the play is strongly cast. A cotemporary who has seen it all through—we have not—speaks of it as a painted play to which a plot has been written. This is, so far as our observation goes, a most apt illustration of the drama, which is about a great many things, a miser, a murder, and an innocent man accused wrongfully, a young girl determined to restore her father's good name with more tact than the whole detective police, and more legal knowledge than a whole bench of attorneys. There is an idiot, poetical, picturesque, and impossible. There is a village *fete*, and plenty of love and lovers. Above all, in the midst of the most bewildering succession of strange events, there is some really excellent acting. Indeed it may be said that every part has a fitting representative.

At the *Walnut* St. Theatre, Mr. and Miss Richings commenced an engagement on Monday evening, in Mrs. Mowatt's popular play of "Fashion." Not being present, cannot say how they were received by their old friends, nor speak of their performances.

At the *Continental*, the play of the "Tempest," which, in its last act, is the most magnificent stage spectacle ever seen in this city, is announced for every evening this week. The audiences are full and fashionable.

Sanford continues the engagement of the Buckley troupe through the present week, to full and delighted audiences. The entertainments of their character are quite unequalled in this city.

McDonough's Olympic is announced to re-open on Saturday evening, having undergone extensive improvement and thorough renovation.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

The Directors of the Girard College give notice that they are prepared to bind out, in the State of Pennsylvania, thirty orphans, in accordance with the will of Stephen Girard, to suitable occupations, such as Agriculture, Navigation, Arts, Mechanical Trades and Manufactures. The master will be required to teach his apprentice his respective art, and to furnish him with suitable board and lodging in his own place of residence (except where, for special reasons, the apprentice may be allowed to board elsewhere). The master will be allowed to take each orphan on trial for a term not exceeding one month, and the apprentice, when bound, will be furnished by the Institution with a suitable outfit. Persons desirous of obtaining an apprentice can apply at the College, or if not citizens of Philadelphia, can address the Secretary in writing, giving name, residence, occupation and reference; the latter whenever possible, to be residents of Philadelphia.

FINDING WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—There is a great deal said just now about finding work for the unemployed, and we see that a committee of unemployed persons has called upon the Mayor of New York to find them public work. There is much propriety in finding employment or support for the wives and daughters of those who are fighting the battles of our country, but there is none at all in the people taxing themselves to find employment for men, when the Government is offering good wages and support to every man who will enter the army. The effort it is making to sustain the institutions of the country and maintain its integrity is endangered for the want of such aid. It would be bad policy in a city at this time to hold out inducements for able-bodied men to stay at home by finding them public employment at the expense of the citizens, when by doing so they keep the General Government, who wants their services, and offers good pay for it, from getting the assistance it requires. One patriotic gentleman in Boston, who was largely engaged in building, suddenly stopped all work upon his houses, as he said the Government required men to sustain it, and he did not intend to be a competitor against the Government. Besides, he thought the Government would need the money he was expending, and it was better to pay it to secure good government than it was to extend or beautify a city which might have to submit to a despotism. There is no need of men asking the City to find them something to do, when the Government is soliciting them to come and take employment. If their patriotism is so small that they are not willing to help protect the Government at good wages, their claim upon public assistance is but small indeed.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.—Boston has always boasted of her public school system, and not without reason. The last semi-annual report of the Superintendent, just published, contains some interesting statements. The average attendance of pupils in all the schools, during the last year, was 24,152, being an increase of 1848 over that of the previous year. The whole amount of ordinary expenses for the year was $398,282 against $373,665 the year before. The cost per scholar was $15 03, of which tuition absorbed $10 83. The expenditure during the year for buildings and lots was $230,267, which is the largest amount ever expended by the city in one year under that head. Among the reforms suggested, it is proposed to substitute a standing Board of Examiners in the place of the District School Committees, for examining candidates for teachers, which is now very imperfectly done, because of the great number of applicants and the want of time to adequately test or ascertain their qualifications. It is also proposed that these examinations shall be public and open to free competition. On the subject of physical education, the Superintendent remarks that the delay to introduce a system of gymnastic exercises in the public schools is causing the loss of a great part of the benefit that might be derived from the schools. As to the masters, it is said that those who give more attention to the lower than the higher divisions, are likely, on the whole, to produce the best results, since though the higher classes may not pass so brilliant an examination at the close of a term, the school, taken in the main, will be in a more satisfactory condition.

THE WESTERN GUNBOATS, seven in number, will be completed by the 15th of October, ten days after the time agreed upon, under a forfeiture of $200 a day over the time. They are 175 feet in length, 51 feet beam, and 6 feet depth of hold in the clear, and will draw 5 feet with the armament aboard. They have an open stem or recess, and the wheel works within the recess. They will be pierced for twenty guns each, and will carry sixteen. The guns will be placed on the main deck. Three on the bow, three astern, and five on each side. The boats will be bulk-headed into compartments to prevent the casualty of sinking in case of damage in any particular part. The boats are to be covered with sheeting iron two and a half inches thick. An experiment which was tried with a rifled cannon upon these plates, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, shows that at eight hundred yards there was no effect upon the plates, except tearing out some bolts. At a distance of five hundred yards, an indentation about one inch deep was made in the plate, but without breaking it in the slightest degree. A shot was then made at one hundred yards distance, at a plate placed at right angles with the range, and the ball was broken to pieces, without fracturing the iron in the least.

IRELAND AND CANADA.—A gentleman who has just returned from England, where he has been with a view of promoting emigration to Canada, writes to the Montreal Leader that the number of Irishmen and Scotchmen who have, during this season, reached the shores of the British North-American Provinces, is nine or ten thousand in excess of the number that crossed the Atlantic for the same destination, in the same period last year. He attributes the increase to the active measures taken by the Canadian Government, in circulating a large amount of valuable information, in pamphlet form, with maps of both Provinces. He also feels warranted in stating that a foundation is laid for a largely increased emigration in the next two years, one ground of his calculation being the present disturbed condition of the United States. He adds that he found, while in Belfast, a strong desire on the part of the linen manufacturers and spinners to encourage largely the growth of flax, the present supply being far short of the demand. He suggests that the plant may be cultivated in Canada, and as an inducement to its culture there, states that many farmers in Ireland sold their flax on foot this season for twenty pounds sterling per acre.

PAYING WAR DAMAGES.—The army correspondents in Western Virginia say an immense amount of money is daily expended in paying damages for injury of property by our troops in the necessary conduct of the war. The damages are paid to either Union men or rebels. The Union man, so called, who will not shoulder a musket to defend his own fireside from invasion, but calls upon the people of Ohio and Indiana to do so, does not deserve any recompense for the property injured in defending him. It is only when he is in the ranks battling for the Government and making sacrifices equal to strangers that he has a right to ask Government for recompense for his property. The rebels who are fighting against the Government certainly do not deserve to be paid for the property necessary to be taken to put down the rebellion they have raised. Yet it is said that claims have been allowed to families, the heads of which are in the rebel army.

TELEGRPH NEWS.

News Received by Telegraph on Saturday and Monday.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON Sept. 30.—The reconnoissance made by the rebels this morning at Great Falls was made by eight regiments with artillery. It was met by Gen. McCall, who dispersed and scattered the enemy by six rounds of shot and shell from a battery planted on the Maryland side.

DEATH OF GEN. GIBSON.

Commissary General Gibson, who died here to-day, was aged about eighty-five years, and long held that position. He entered the army in 1808, as a captain of infantry from Pennsylvania.

THE SITUATION.

The position of the United States army is about the same as yesterday, there being no material change. The day before our forces occupied Falls Church the rebels evacuated it, with six regiments and four pieces of artillery.

The United States pickets now occupy one end of the village, and the rebel pickets the other, both positions being on the Leesburg turnpike. The opposing pickets are not more than a quarter of a mile apart.

From Falls Church this morning was seen a rebel regiment of infantry drilling on the hill beyond the Loudon and Hampshire Railroad. Artillery was also observed crossing the turnpike to the left of Falls Church, at a mile and a half distance. Fresh rebel earthworks are being thrown up on an eminence commanding the village.

A large scouting party started out in the direction of Fairfax Court House, this morning, the result of which was the capture of three cavalry horses, also three privates and a lieutenant belonging to one of the North Carolina regiments.

A contraband was brought to head-quarters at Upton's Hill, yesterday. He was the groom of Gen. Beauregard at the time the latter occupied Falls Church as his head-quarters. The contraband states that he overheard several conversations between Genl. Beauregard and his officers, and in one instance the General remarked that he was fearful of attacking the United States troops opposite Washington, owing to the fact that by so doing he would unnecessarily sacrifice so many lives, but would fall back, and within six miles of Falls Church he would be happy to welcome the United States forces "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

At noon to day a man was arrested in the woods, near Falls Church, on suspicion of being a spy. He could give no satisfactory account of himself.

DESTRUCTION OF DWELLINGS.

The wanton destruction of property in the neighborhood of Falls Church, by the United States troops still continues. Among the houses burned to-day was that of Major Nutt, together with his barns and out-houses. The adjoining residence of Dr. Borver, who is now a surgeon in the rebel army, was also destroyed and the dwellings belonging to the Nicholas Febreys estate, with but one exception. The residence of Murray Mason, on Murray's Hill, was burned early this morning.

The amount of property destroyed yesterday and to-day cannot be less than $50,000. With the view to check these outrages the commanding officers have issued verbal orders to shoot down any man who may be caught in the incendiary act.

Among the killed, yesterday morning, during the panic, in addition to those heretofore mentioned, were John McGuire and private Williams, of Company I, 1st Pennsylvania dragoons. The same company also lost three horses.

The conduct of Gen. Baker's California Regiment, and Col. Baxter's Fire Zouaves, under the trying circumstances, considering they were undisciplined troops, was admirable.

Gen. Baker was absent at the time in Philadelphia, arranging for another regiment to attach to his brigade; and was only apprised of the disaster by Col. Owens, who left Washington for that city yesterday afternoon—the command of his regiment devolving on another officer.

The rebels have always denied losing men in the skirmish at Lewinsville on the 25th, but the tombstone of a new-made grave at Falls Church reads as follows:—W. L. H. N. Scraggs, of the Butler Guards, 2d regiment South Carolina Volunteers, killed at Lewinsville, Sept 25th. Others, it is known, were killed at Lewinsville, but the body of Scraggs was the only one buried at this place.

On Saturday afternoon, when the United States army advanced into Virginia, the fortifications on Mason's hill were first occupied by a detachment of Col Young's Kentucky cavalry, under command of Lieut Martin, and followed by Gen. Wadsworth and staff.

A Government train left Alexandria, to-day, with a party of bridge-builders, who go as far as Falls Church, on the Loudon and Hampshire Railroad, repairing all the bridges on the way, thus opening communication for the supplies of the army in that neighborhood.

The Orange and Alexandria Railroad is open as far as Accotink Creek, two miles beyond Springfield Station, which latter place is nine miles from Alexandria.

The observatory balloon has been advanced to Upton's Hill, a mile and a half this side of Falls Church.

THE FREMONT AND BLAIR DIFFICULTY—RE-ARREST OF COL. BLAIR—GEN. SCOTT ORDERS HIS RELEASE.

From facts ascertained here, it appears that on Wednesday last Gen. Fremont released Col. Blair from arrest, using language in the order tantamount to a defiance of the Col. to present his charges formally. On Thursday Col. Blair presented charges formally against Col. Fremont in response to the defiance. Thereupon Gen. Freemont immediately arrested Col. Blair and sent him to Jefferson Barracks.

On Friday night, the telegraph was allowed to communicate the fact that Blair had been freed from arrest the previous Wednesday, but the offensive paragraph in the order of release was suppressed, and the fact of Col. Blair's second arrest withheld. The army regulations allow no officer to be arrested for a longer period than eight days without charges being preferred. Gen. Fremont disregarded the regulations in the case of Col. Blair. After this violation of the regulations, a second arrest for the same cause and without charges has attracted attention and caused much remark.

The great fact in relation to this case is, that Gen. Scott to-day ordered the unconditional release of Col. Blair.

CAPT. DOVE ACQUITTED.

It is understood that the Court of Inquiry in the case of Capt. Dove, of the steamer Pocahontas, acquitted him of every charge of disloyalty.

STAFF APPOINTMENT.

Lieut. Wilson Barstow, Jr., of the New York Volunteers, has been assigned to a position in the staff of Major General Dix.

Important Postal Regulations.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The following important orders have been issued from the Post Office Department:

It is ordered, First—That no newspapers or other printed matter be admitted into the letter pouches destined for the Pacific coast, letters exclusively being placed therein.

Second—That separate pouches be appropriated exclusively to newspapers destined for the Pacific coast, excluding all other printed matter.

Third—That such letter pouches and newspaper bags be forwarded to California, as usual, by the overland route.

Fourth—All other printed matter of every kind destined to the Pacific coast, must be sent in bags to the New York office, there to be delivered to the agents of the Overland Mail Company.

Fifth—Postmasters are requested to comply carefully with these orders until further notice. Any neglect therein to be immediately reported to the appointment office.

By order of the Postmaster General.

[Signed] JOHN A. KASSON,
First Assistant P. M. General.

The Rebels Attempt to Cross at Great Fall.

Gen. McCall Repulses Them—Lewinsville Taken by the U. S. Troops—Retreat of the Rebels.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—This morning the rebels appeared in force on the Virginia side of the Potomac opposite Great Falls. A battery of six pieces of artillery was opened on the infantry of Gen. McCall's division. Reinforcements were immediately sent to our side, when three regiments of infantry came up to the support of the rebel battery. Gen. McCall's batteries then came up and took position. At once they opened a rapid fire and with such good effect that the rebels dispersed in every direction. There was not a single man hurt on our side. The U. S. forces this morning took possession of Lewinsville, seven miles beyond the Chain Bridge, on the road [illegible] Leesburg. The rebels retreated as our [illegible], the only fighting being slight [illegible], which did no damage.

Important from the Gulf Coast.

BOSTON, Sept. 30.—Letters from the steam frigate Colorado report that the U. S. vessels Preble and Marion, and the steamer Massachusetts were at Chandeleur Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi, on the 16th September. The crews had landed, thrown up batteries, and relighted the light, so long extinguished by the rebels. Commander Ball, of the Marion, had died suddenly, and a Lieutenant had been detached from the Richmond to succeed him.

From Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 30.—The Journal has reliable evidence that the rebel Gen. Zollikoffer has taken Manchester, in Clay county, with great destruction of property there. Judge Ventrees, of Hardin county, has been arrested for aiding the rebels. A doubtful rumor prevails that 600 rebels have had an engagement with 500 of the Tenth Indiana regiment, halfway between Bardstown and Bloomfield. The result is not stated. The rebel force under Humphrey Marshall have disbanded and gone home.

Examination of Volunteer Surgeons at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 30.—It has been decided by the Governor that no Surgeon or Assistant Surgeon of any regiment of volunteers can be commissioned unless he has complied with the act of Assembly, and has been examined by the State Board of Surgeons. A Board for this purpose will meet in Harrisburg on Wednesday next, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and sit during that day only. A Board has also been ordered to convene at Washington, at Willard's Hotel, at an early day, to examine those medical officers now in the field who have not complied with the State law.

A Schooner in Distress Mistaken for a Pirate.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Two brigs arrived here last week reporting that they were chased by a pirate schooner. The supposed schooner turns out to be the British schooner Swan, who endeavored to hail them to obtain medicines for Captain Shellnut, who afterwards died of the yellow fever.

Arrival of the Steamer Albany.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The steamer Albany arrived from Washington, reports having been detained at Indian Head by the Potomac flotilla until night in order to pass the rebel battery at Cockpit Point, which fires into all passing vessels.

From Fort Pickens and Pensacola.

BOSTON, Sept. 30.—A letter from the frigate Colorado at Fort Pickens, states that a boat expedition on the 14th inst. destroyed the pirate Lady Davis in Pensacola harbor, commanded by Capt Renshaw, formerly of the United States Navy. One boat landed at the Navy Yard and spiked a ten-inch columbiad. The steamer Massachusetts and sloop Preble were off Chandeleur Island on the 16th. All well.

[The affair reported in the above despatch is undoubtedly the same that is mentioned in the news from Pensacola.]

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1861.

A very active speculative movement in coffee, sugar and tea, has been in progress here for some time past, the effect of which has been to run up the prices of these almost necessaries of life to a figure which places them quite beyond the reach of those who have the most need of them—the poor. In anticipation of the increased duty to which these commodities will soon be subject, the speculators have bought, or are buying up and placing in store, the surplus stock on hand, in the expectation of commanding their own prices for them. Even now, the commonest qualities of brown sugar cannot be purchased at retail at less than 12½ cents per pound, which is an increase of one hundred per cent. upon prices current for the same quality a month ago. The advance on coffee and tea is not so enormous, but it is sufficient to limit consumption to a very perceptible extent, and to make the working classes realize the necessity of abandoning their use. The moderate tax imposed by the Government upon these articles, will be borne in the same patriotic spirit of self-sacrifice which has characterized our people from the beginning of the war, but it is questionable whether as much can be said in regard to the speculators who are thus taking advantage of the necessities of Government to add to the burthens of the public, for the purpose of enriching themselves.

The "People's movement," for the assimilation of all parties at the coming election, seems to go on with more harmony in Brooklyn than in this city. The Kings County Convention was held on Saturday, and a committee of two delegates from each Assembly District, composed of Democrats and Republicans, nominated candidates for the various offices. The Convention meets again on Monday, to revise these nominations.

Manager Nixon, of Niblo's Garden, announces a performance on Tuesday evening, at his establishment, for the benefit of the bereaved mother of the unfortunate Gale sisters.

On Tuesday last, a guard of eleven regulars, under command of Lieut. Lyster, arrived in town with Ex-Governor Morehead, of Kentucky, and Messrs. Duadd and Barr, of the Louisville Courier, State prisoners, consigned to Fort Lafayette. The prisoners took dinner at the Astor House at 3 o'clock, after which they were conveyed to the prison.

Much to the relief of a great many nervous people, it is given out, on high military authority here, that the 25,000 additional troops called for by the Governor will be obtained without resorting to a draft. But some 6000 or 7000 are needed to complete the quota, and these are coming in so freely that, in a fortnight or three weeks more, the whole 25,000 will be under arms and in the field.

The Metropolitan Record (organ of Bishop Hughes) has a very severe article on the proposition to Garibaldi to take part in the war. If we cannot do our own fighting and conquer a peace without the aid of such people, the editor thinks we are indeed in a pitiful condition. As there is no truer Union man in New York than Archbishop Hughes, the utterances of his organ are not without weight with Union men.

The greatest activity prevails at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The new gun-boats, Unadilla and Ottawa, are receiving their armament, and will go into commission immediately. The Potomac arrived on Saturday from Fortress Monroe. The frigate Brandywine is being converted into a storeship. A number of vessels, principally steamers, are being fitted out as gun-boats or transports, giving employment to an army of artisans, mechanics, &c.

The kerosene oil factory of Robert C. Cheeseborough, at the foot of Sullivan street, Brooklyn, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. Loss about thirty-five thousand dollars. Not insured.

Steamers New York, for Bremen, via Southampton, and Kangaroo, for Liverpool, sailed yesterday, the former with 210 passengers, and the latter with 27 passengers. The steamer Columbia, for Havana and Key West, with a large number of passengers, also left yesterday.

The Joint Committee of the New York, Philadelphia and Boston Banks had a meeting, Saturday afternoon, in relation to the second instalment of the Government loan. After brief discussion, a resolution was unanimously adopted, subscribing to the second instalment of fifty millions. On Wednesday next, a general meeting of the Bank officers of the three cities will be held, when it is thought the entire one hundred millions will be subscribed.

It was understood on 'Change, Saturday, that the Government contract for 3,400 bbls. Mess Pork, deliverable October 4th, has been awarded; a portion of it was taken by parties here at about $15 a $15 17, and the balance was awarded to an Albany house at something under these rates.

The annual contract for 12,000 bbls. Mess Pork and 9,000 bbls. Beef, for Army and Navy, has also been awarded; 10,500 bbls. of the Pork was taken by Slocum & Walter, of this city, and the balance by a Philadelphian, but the particulars have not transpired.

ASHES—There is no change to notice in either description. We quote at $5 25 for Pots and Pearls.

COTTON.—The market continues dull and heavy. We quote nominally at 21 cts for middling Uplands, and 21½ cts. for do. Gulfs.

FLOUR, &C.—The demand for Western and State flour early in the day was good, and rather more firmness was apparent, but ere the close of change the inquiry abated and the market closed heavily for the low grades but firm for good qualities. The sales are 18,000 bbls. at $4 30 a 4 40 for superfine State and Western; 5 15 a 5 40 for rejected State; 5 50 a 5 70 for ordinary to good extra State; $ 75 a 5 90 for fancy do; $5 60 a 5 80 for the low grades Western extra; $5 80 a 5 95 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio, and $6 a $6 50 for trade brands do. Canadian Flour is not plenty, and choice extras are in demand; common brands are dull; sales of 876 barrels at $5 60 a 6 75—the latter price for "Dundas Mills." Southern Flour is not plenty, and is firmly held. A good demand prevails, in part for shipment to Europe. The sales are 3000 bbls. at $5 75a6 to mixed to good superfine Baltimore, &c., and $6 10a7 25 for extra. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork is firm, with a more active demand; sales of 1750 bbls. at $14 50a14 62½ for mess, $9 75a10 for prime, $9 62½a10 for rump, and $15 50a15 75 for clear. Beef is firm; sales of 250 bbls. at $10 25a11 50 for repacked mess, and $12 50a13 75 for extra. Beef Hams are scarce. Cut meats are quiet; sales of 35 hhds. at 4¾a5¼ cts. for shoulders, and 5¾a6¼ cts. for dry salted and pickled hams. Bacon is dull. Lard is firm; sales of 450 packages at 8¾a9¼ cts. Butter and Cheese continue active and firm.

WHISKY.—The market is quiet, but prices are a shade better; sales of 250 bbls. at 20¼ cts.

CLOSING PRICES OF STOCKS AT 3¼ O'CLOCK.

	Off.	Ask.		Off.	Ask
U. S. 5s, '74,	81	81⅛	Harlem R	10	10¼
U S 6s, '81, reg	90¼	91	Harlem pref	25	25¼
U S 6s '81 cou	91	91¼	Reading RR	34¼	34¼
Tenn 6s	42¾	42⅞	Mich Cent R	41¼	41¾
Virginia 6s	48¼	49¼	Mich S&NIR	13¾	13⅞
Mo St 6s	42	42¼	do guar	31¾	3¼
Canton Co	8½	10	Panama	116	117
Cumb Cl Pref	4½	5	Ill Central	66	66¼
Pac M S Co	88¾	89	Gal & Chic	69⅜	69¼
N Y Cen RR	73¼	73⅜	Cleve & Tol	29⅝	29¾
Erie R R	25¼	25¾	Chic & Rk Is	46¼	46½
Do. Pref	45½	46¼	Chi Bur & Q	62⅝	63¼
Hudso Riv	33½	33½	Ill Cen bd 7s	92	93

THE MARKETS.

MONEY MARKET.

The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season, as compared with last season:

ROADS.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Incr's.	Decr's
Reading.	25,344	1,310,316	1,491,400	......	181,084
Schyl N.	26,936	818,114	1,011,790	......	193,676
Lehi. N.	29,365	687,395	793,63	......	106,242
Leh. VR.	15,411	583,929	580,270	3,659	......
Del & L.	21,538	804,298	774,312	29,986	......
Shamok.	5,712	154,037	136,684	17,353	......
Trev'tn.	1,760	34,122	68,566	......	34,444
Lykens'.	2,835	113,565	119,605	......	6,045
Brd Top	7,677	184,757	139,271	45,486	......
Barclay.	1,453	31,339	22,116	9,222	......
Del & H.	23,874	525,327	327,220	198,107	......
Pa C Co.	20,736	456,757	506,217	......	49,460
Totals..	182,591	5,703,951	5,991,088	303,813	570,951

As compared with the previous week there has been a slight falling off in coal tonnage the past week. The tonnage for the season is now up to 5,703,951 tons, against 5,991,688 tons to corresponding time last year, showing a net loss this season of 287,137 tons. The consumption of coal for the Southern market is almost entirely cut off, and the demand for the East is quite light. Under these circumstances prices are low, and the market, as well as the trade in the coal producing regions, very much depressed.

The subscriptions to the 7.30 Treasury note loan have not been so large for several days past, at New York, Boston or Philadelphia. Still the number of subscribers keep up very well. The amounts subscribed are almost wholly by individuals, and in the main are in small amounts. Up to Friday evening last, it is estimated that the subscriptions by the people in all parts of the country to this loan amounted to about $20,000,000—thus leaving thirty of the first fifty millions in the hands of the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The Sub-treasury had on Saturday redeemed there about thirty thousand dollars of demand notes. The draft for 10 per cent. on the banks which was to have been paid on Saturday, was postponed, and will be paid this week in installments of 2 per cent. at the discretion of the Sub-Treasurer. This will check the accumulation of gold in the Treasury. The Sub-Treasurer, it is understood, will call only when the working balance runs too low. The banks received on Saturday a further payment of $528,000 from the Sub treasury for Treasury notes sold—making about 20½ per cent. reimbursed. Mr. Chase went through to New York on Friday, and held a conference with the banks on the subject of the second fifty millions on Saturday. There appears to be but one opinion among bank officers that, having put their hands to the plow, they cannot now look back. The new arrangement by which the Assistant Treasurer at New York has discretion to call in installments only as the needs of the Sub-Treasury require will obviate the objections of some of the banks to taking the second fifty millions, and a restricted use of demand notes would obviate those of other institutions. There is all round a desire to save to the banks as much of their coin, and for as great a length of time as possible, and we suppose some satisfactory arrangement on the subject will be effected. The Post of Saturday evening says: BANK Committees are in conference with the Secretary of the Treasury to-day in reference to the taking of the second fifty millions of the national loan. There is no doubt but what the details will be settled in the course of the afternoon, though some strong efforts are making to induce Mr. Chase to refrain from issuing large amounts of the demand notes. The programme of August 19, relating to the paying in of the six per cent. notes at par, will not be modified materially." The Express of the same afternoon says: "It is suggested that the August plan may be modified, so as to place the $100,000,000 to his credit on the 15th of October, to be drawn against at a certain rate per day—the agreement to receive the notes due in 1863 in part payment for 7.30 per cents continuing in force. The fact that these notes could be converted into 7.30 per cents, in addition to the advantages they possess at the Custom-house, would probably keep them in the hands of the public, and thus give the Secretary gold for about all his negotiation."

The subscription to the Government 7.30 per cent. loan, in this city, on Saturday, was but about $40,000, from sixty-four subscribers. During the five business days last week, the subscriptions, exclusive of those made at the Mint, were about $350,000—an average of $70,000 per day. Since the opening of agencies for the loan at various places in the interior of the State, the daily subscriptions in Philadelphia are lessened.

The notification by the Pennsylvania Railroad to Western roads of the adoption of arbitrary rates has compelled the roads running from Cincinnati to Pittsburg to advance their rates to correspond. The following schedule has gone into operation:

Cincinnati to	4th Class.	Flour.
Pittsburg, all rail,	30	$0 70
Philadelphia, "	72	1 40
Baltimore, "	72	1 40

No change made in New York and Boston rates.

The Pennsylvania Central Railroad has notified its Western connections that it does not desire any more Western freight for New York, Boston, or Baltimore, until further notice. The local business of the line, with what its gets from the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and Government transportation, exhausts all its facilities. So says a New York paper.

The 7.30 Treasury note coupon loan bears interest at the rate of 2 cents on each $100 per day, and yet an examination of the coupon attached to the $100 note says they are made payable February 19 and August 19, for the sum of $3 65 each. From August 19, 1861, to February 19, 1862, the number of days is 184, and the interest due is $3 68, while from February 19 to August 19, 1862, there are but 181 days, and interest should be but $3 62. This is an error, on large sums, of considerable importance, and ought to be remedied by equalizing the time.

The rate of foreign exchange at New York has fallen ½ per cent., and almost simultaneous with the decline a Liverpool steamship arrives with $42,315 of coin. This looks well, and will further encourage the bankers in aiding the Government in subscriptions to the 7.30 per cent. loan.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS			
U States 6s '81	100	90	—
Treas Nts 6s	100	98½	98¾
Penna 6s	100	96	98
" 5s	100	74½	75
" 5s cp	100	79	80
Philada 6s o	100	83	83½
" R	100	83	83¼
" G Ln	100	83½	84¼
" N Ln	100	89¼	89½
" coup'n	100	89¼	89½
" 5s	100	—	—
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	—	—
" 6s R	100	—	—
Alleg City 6s	100	—	—
" co R	100	30	50
Camden 6s	100	—	—
Tenn 5s	100	—	—
Cincinna 6s	100	—	—
Missouri 6s	100	—	—
St Louis bds	100	—	—
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	102	106
Philadelp'a	100	..	91
Far & Mec	50	—	48
Commercial	50	—	40
N Liberties	50	45	49¼
Mechanics'	20	19½	20
Southwark	50	67	—
Kensington	50	—	—
Penn Town	35	—	33½
Girard	50	—	35
Western	25	—	51
Manu & Mec	50	—	21½
Commerce	50	—	—
Tradesm's	50	—	—
City	25	30½	—
Consolidat'n	50	19	21
Commonw'h	30	—	—
Corn Exch	40	20	22
Union	50	56	—
Camden	50	—	50
" Far & M	100	—	50
Germant'n	50	—	45
Miner's Ptts	50	40	—
Trenton B C	50	—	—
Bk Pittsb'g	50	—	49
Mer & Manu	50	—	—
Exchange	100	—	—
Kentucky	100	—	70
" North	100	—	—
" South	100	—	—
Louisville	100	—	75
Farmers'	100	—	—
Tenn Union	100	15	—
" Plants	10	—	—
INSUR CO			
N America	10	14	15
Penna F & A	200	200	—
Life & Annui	100	—	—
Girard L & T	25	28½	—
Amer Fire	75	—	—
Penna M&N	100	190	—
Franklin	100	190	—
County	50	—	53
CANALS.			
Sch Nav shs	50	4	6½
" prfd	50	11⅛	—
" loan '72	100	74	85
" loan '82	100	—	64
" boat ln	100	—	—
" imp ln	100	—	75
" 1876	100	56	—
Leh Nav shs	50	48½	49⅛
" Scrip	50	32⅞	33
" 6 per ct	100	—	100¼
Morris Canl	100	35	36
" prefd	100	104	105½
" bds	100	91½	—
" 2d mtg	100	80	86
Ches & Del	200	—	—
" 6s '86	100	—	52
Union C shs	50	—	—
" pref 6s	50	—	—
" bonds	100	—	—

	Par	Bid	Ask
Susq & Tide	50	—	—
" bds '78	100	—	—
Del Div Cnl	50	33	—
" bonds	100	80	90
WBr'nch bs	50	—	78
RAILROADS.			
Cam & Am R	100	111	111½
" 6s '64	100	—	—
" 6s '64	100	90	—
" 6s '67	100	85¼	85½
" 6s '70	100	—	—
" 6s '75	100	—	85
" 6s '83	100	—	83
" 6s '89	100	—	—
" 6s '63	100	—	—
Phil & Trn R	100	—	—
" bds '68	100	—	—
Penna R	50	37⅛	37¾
" 6s 1st m	100	—	93½
" 2d mtg	100	85⅞	86
L Schuyl R	50	—	—
" 6s	100	—	—
" 7s	100	—	—
Del R m bds	100	—	81
" guar	100	—	—
Beaver M R	50	—	56
" pref 10	50	—	—
Phil. G & N R	50	44	44⅛
" 6s	100	—	—
Reading R	50	17¼	17½
" pf stk	50	—	—
" m 6s '43	100	—	90
" m 6s '44	100	—	—
" m 6s '70	100	83	83½
" m 6s '86	100	70¾	71
Minehill R	50	47½	47⅝
H'rM.J&I R	50	50¾	51½
" R bs '83	100	—	—
N Penna R	50	—	5
" 6s	100	55	55⅛
" 10s	100	—	73
Sha V & Pts	50	—	—
Phil & Sun 7s	100	65	70
Chester V R	50	—	1⅛
" 7s	100	28	28¼
Lehigh V R	50	50½	—
" 6s	50	—	90¾
Elmira & W	100	—	5
" prefd	50	—	10
" bds 7s	100	55¾	—
" 10s	100	—	—
Catawiss R	50	—	—
" pfd	100	—	5¼
Phil W & B R	50	32	—
" bds '63	100	90	—
" loan	100	—	—
Phil & Erie	100	—	—
" bds	100	60	—
" scrip	100	—	—
Cum Val R	50	—	—
L Island R	50	8½	9½
" 6s	100	—	—
W Chester 7s	100	—	71
" 8s	100	—	—
CITY P. R.			
Second St R	20	49½	—
" 1st m 7s	100	90	92
" 2d m 7s	100	83	85
Germant'n	8	—	—
Fifth & 6th R	50	—	—
" 7s	100	—	92
Tenth St	20	—	—
Spruce St R	8	7⅝	7¾
Chesnut St R	10	—	—
W Philad R	50	51	—
" 7s	100	—	—
Arch St R	20	8	—
Race St R	18	—	3
" 7s	100	—	—
Green St R	15	13	14
" 7s	100	81	85
MISCELLA's			
Acad of M	100	25	35
Philada Ex	100	—	—
Pa & Lh Zinc	100	11	12

New York Stocks.				Baltimore Stocks.			
N Y Cen R	100	75⅝	73⅝	Balt Cy 6s '75	100	80¾	81½
Ill Cen R	100	—	66	Maryld 6s '70	100	—	—
Rock Isl R	100	—	45¾	Balt R 6s '80	100	67	68
Gal & Chi R	100	—	69½	" shs	100	40	42
Mich South	100	—	13⅞	N Cen R shs	50	—	14
Cleve & Tol	50	—	29¾	" 6s '85	100	49	50

PHILADA. WHOLESALE MARKET.

The markets have been rather quiet. Bark is wanted at fully former rates. Breadstuffs also continue in good request, and for most kinds prices are better. Coal and Iron remain unchanged. Cotton has been very inactive. In Groceries, owing to the reduced state of the stock, the transactions have been limited and prices tending upward. Provisions move off as wanted at previous rates.

Bark—Quercitron is selling slowly at $28 50 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark, Spanish, $10, and Chesnut Oak at $8 per cord. *Beeswax* is scarce at 31 a 32c. *Coal*—The demand for shipment is only moderate, and the market is quiet for the season, but without any change in quotations. *Coffee*—The want of stock has limited operations to about 1500 bags, chiefly Rio, at 13¾ a 15¼c, mostly at 14¼ a 15¼c, including Laguayra at 16¼ a 17c, and all on the usual credit. *Copper*—Sales of Yellow Metal at 18c, 6 months. *Cotton*—Sales of a few small lots, ranging from 18 to 23c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, cash. The stock on sale is very much reduced, but the market is dull. *Feathers*—35 a 40c for good Western, the latter in a small way. *Fish*—Store prices of Mackerel range at $8 50 a 9 for 1's; 5 50 a 6 for 2's, and 4 a 5 50 for 3's—the latter for large. Dry Cod are quoted at $3 75 from store. Pickled Herring at $2 a 2 75 per barrel. *Fruit*—Foreign is scarce and on the advance for Raisins and Currants—the latter at 8¼ a 10c per lb. The Peach season is nearly over. Green Apples sell at $1 50 a 3 50 per bbl. Dried Apples at 4¼ a 5c, and Peaches at 6 a 7c per lb., and scarce. *Flour and Meal*—Some 12,000 barrels of Flour have found buyers at $5 for common superfine; 5 25 for standard and good do; 5 50 for extra; 5 50 a 6 for family, and from 6 25 to 7 50 for fancy brands. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the above range of prices—the market closing very firm. Rye Flour—$3 a 3 25 per bbl. Pennsylvania Corn Meal is held at $2 81¼ per bbl. *Grain*—About 60,000 bushels have been disposed of, mostly for shipment, at $1 10 a 1 12 for Chicago Spring; 1 18 a 1 23 for Western and Pennsylvania winter reds, mostly at $1 22, 1 10 to 1 24 for damp and prime dry Southern; the latter afloat, and from $1 35 to 1 37 for white. Rye—some 6000 bushels sold at 55 a 60c for new and old, closing at the latter rate for prime Penna. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bushels, mostly prime yellow, at 56c afloat, and good at 51 a 54; Western mixed 55 a 58, and white at 58 a 60c. Oats are in good demand at 28 [illegible] for Southern and 32 for Pennsylvania, and [illegible] for old do. *Guano* is without change in quotations. *Hay*—We quote Timothy at 60 a 70c the 100 lbs. *Hemp* is held for higher prices. *Hops*—Sales at 20 a 22c for new Eastern and Western, the latter for 1st sort—nothing doing in old crop. *Iron*—About the usual business in Pig Metal, including 1600 tons anthracite, at previous quotations. Holders generally are not disposed to make concessions. Of manufactured the sales are also limited. *Lead*—A sale of 1600 pigs Galena at $5 80, now held higher. *Lumber*—Eastern Laths are selling at $1 20 a 1 25; yellow sap Boards at $12 a 14, and white pine at $11 a 15 per M. *Molasses*—By auction, 55 hhds. Porto Rico sold at 39¼c; 110 hhds. do. at 30c, and 29 tierces and bbls at 40¼ a 44c, 60 and 90 days, and 4 months' credit. *Naval Stores*—Spirits Turpentine is selling in a small way at $1 25 per gallon. Sales of Rosin at $4 25 a 4 50 for common, up to $6 a 8 for No. 1 and fine. Tar and Pitch are held at $5 a 5 25 per bbl. *Oils*—There is a fair demand for Sperm and Whale, with no change in quotations. Lard Oil is steady at 70 [illegible]. Linseed is firm at 56c weight from the crushers' hands. *Plaster*—Soft sold at $2 25 per ton. *Provisions*—Sales of Mess Pork at $14 50 a 15 per barrel. Western Mess Beef sold at $14 per barrel; city packed is held higher. Bacon Hams sell at 8 a 9c for plain and fancy cured. Little or nothing doing in Shoulders. Of Green Meats the sales have been confined to Shoulders, in salt, at about 4¾ cents per lb. Lard is dull at 9 a 9¼c for tierces and barrels, and 9½ a 9¾c for kegs, cash and time. Butter continues inactive at 8 a 9 cts. for good and prime solid packed; some common quality sold at 6c. Cheese is quiet at 6 a 7c. Eggs are selling at 11 a 12 cents per dozen. *Rice*—Sales are reported at 7 a 7¼c. per lb, mostly at the latter rate. *Seeds*—Sales of Clover at $4 75. Timothy ranges at $1 a 2 25, mostly at $2 a 2 12½, and Flaxseed at $1 42 per bushel. *Spirits*—N. E. Rum is firm at 30 a 32c. Whisky is scarce at 19½ a 20c, the latter for prime Ohio, and Drudge at 19½ a 20c, closing at the highest figures. *Sugars* continue firm, Cuba at 8 a 8¾c, and boxes do at from 7¾ to 10c, on the usual credit, leaving very little in first hands. *Tallow*—City is held at 8¾c, and the Association are asking 9c. per lb. *Tobacco*—The want of stock and high views of holders limit operations to small lots at very full rates. *Wool*—Sales have been made at 45 a 47c. net; fine fleece at 35 a 40c per lb., and nothing doing in the way of sales.

FREIGHTS—Business is moderate with some movement to Liverpool to note, the particulars of which are not public; to London we hear of no new engagements; West India freights are inactive, the demand being mostly for foreign vessels. In Boston freights there is more doing without change in quotations. Colliers are plenty and rates about the same, the following are the current rates: To Portland $1 05, to Portsmouth $1 10, to Newburyport $1 15 to Boston $1 05 to New Bedford and Dighton $1, to Taunton, $1 05, to New London and Norwich $1, to Pawtucket $1 10, to Stonington $1, to Hartford $1 50, to New Haven, Bridgeport and Derby $1, to New York and Newark 99c, to Albany and Troy $1 05, to Rhode Island $1, and to Washington, D. C., $1 45 per ton from Port Richmond, 61 vessels and 18 boats arrived there the last week, and 77 vessels and 19 boats cleared during the same time.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30.—At A. P. Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard, the arrivals of cattle, during the past week, amounted to 2027 head. The prices received were a trifle [illegible] than those of the previous week. The greater number of the animals sold at from 7 to 8½c per lb. Some poorer lots sold at 6 a 6½c. Forty Cows were sold at from $25 to $35 each. The number of Sheep yarded was extremely large—9000 were disposed of at from $6 50 to $7 per cwt. 1000 Hogs sold at from $5 to $5 50 per cwt. net. At H. G. Imhoff's Union Hog Yard 1978 head of Hogs realized from $4 50 to $5 per cwt. for still-fed, and from $5 to $5 50 for corn-fed.

The Hay Market.—The sales of Hay during the past week, amounted to 325 loads. The prices realized were from 60 to 70 cts per cwt., according to the quality. 49 loads of Straw were disposed of at from 50 to 60 cts. per cwt.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 25.—Beef Cattle.—The offerings footed up some 775 head. Of the offerings, 50 head were driven to Washington, 300 left over, and the balance purchased by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $2 75 a 4 12½ per 100 lbs.—a decline of 12½c. per 100 lbs. Sheep—Sales at $2 50 to 3 per head. Hogs—Sales of good to prime live Hogs at $4 75 a 5 50 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—The market declined 25 a 50c. per cwt., and the supply for the week quite ample. The receipts embrace a good assortment; there are more prime fat steers than usual in market, and a large number of thin grass-fed steers, heifers and cows. We quote at 6 a 8c. for common to prime ordinary, extra 8¼ a 8¾ cents. The average fall sales, 7½ cents. Calves are selling to a moderate extent at 4 a 5½ cents, as to quality. The supply is ample for the demand. Milk Cows are dull at $25 to $35 for ordinary, and $40 to $50 for prime bred extra. Sheep are 25 cents better, and a good demand. Sales by McCarthy & O'Brien, 640 for $1892 50; by McGraw & O'Brien, 2689 for $8466 27; by Hart & West, 1035, at an average of $3 22; by salesmen at Chamberlain's, 4486, at $2 25 to $4 50. We quote prices at 4a5½c. for Lambs; and 3a4c. for Sheep. Hogs are in demand at 4 a 4¼c. for live, for corn fed; and 3¾ cts. for distillery fed. Over 1722 were received to-day, and remain unsold.

BRIGHTON, (near Boston,) Sept. 25.—At market 900 Beeves, 4000 Sheep and Lambs, and 800 Swine. Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6 50; first quality, $6 25; second quality, $6; third quality, $4 50 a 5 00. Sheep and Lambs—$1 25 a 1 50; extra, $2, 3 a 4. Swine—Stores, wholesale, 4½ a 5¼c.; retail, 5¼c.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 24.—At market, about 790 Beeves. Prices of Market Beef—Extra, $6 a 6 25; first quality, $5 75; second quality, $5 00; third quality, $4 00. Sheep and Lambs—4500 at market. Prices in lots, $1 75 a 1 88 each; extra, $2, $2 25, 2 75 to $3.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Philadelphia......	5 25	1 25	56	31
New York.......	5 15	1 27	56	35
Buffalo..........	4 25	1 02	38	23
Cleveland	4 50	95	35	23
Wilmington, Del.	5 25	1 25	56	28
Richmond........	8 50	1 30	65	34
Cincinnati	4 00	1 10	36	30
Trenton, N. J....	5 50	1 30	56	30
St. Louis.........	4 65	1 05	48	31
Baltimore.........	5 25	1 20	56	33
Albany	5 50	1 20	50	33¼
Alexandria, Va..	5 62	1 37	60	32
Boston...........	5 50	—	60	38
New Orleans....	8 00	—	54	34
Pittsburg	4 75	90	42	24
Louisville.........	5 15	1 10	57	50¼
Chicago..........	4 75	75	22	14
Rochester.........	5 00	1 25	64	31
Detroit...........	4 25	1 10	44	30
Toledo...........	4 25	1 10	44	32
Milwaukie.......	4 00	77	50	30

BANK NOTE TABLE.

Corrected by Boyd & Bates, 18 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 1861.

PENNSYLVANIA.		NEW YORK.	
Phila. City Banks,	par	Solvent Bks,	⅛ to ½ dis
Allegheny Bank,	1¼ dis	Hollister Bk, Buff'o,	3 dis
Allentown Bank,	par	Hamilton Ex. Bk,	25 dis
Anthracite Bank,	1¼ dis	Pratt Bk, Buffalo,	15 dis
Bank Beaver Co,	1¼ dis	Ontario Bank,	30 dis
" Catasaqua,	par	Sackett's Harb. Bk,	20 dis
" Chamb'sb'g,	1¼ dis	Reciprocity Bank,	20 dis
" Chester Co,	par	Yates Co. Bank,	.. dis
" Chester Val.,	1¼ dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
" Com., Erie,	..	Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
" Danville,	1¼ dis	Mt. Vernon Bank,	.. dis
" Delaware Co,	par	R. I. Central Bank,	.. dis
" Gettysburg,	1¼ dis	Bank of South Co,	50 dis
" Lawrence Co,	..	Bk. of the Republic,	.. dis
" Middletown,	1¼ dis	Hopkinton Bank,	25 dis
" Montgm'y Co,	par	MASSACHUSETTS.	
" Northumb'd,	1¼ dis	Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
" Penna.,	70 to 75 dis	NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
" Pittsburg,	1¼ dis	Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
" Pottstown,	1¼ dis	MAINE.	
Cen'l Bk Hollidays'g,	..	Solvent Banks,	¼ dis
Citizens' Bk Pitts'g	1¼ dis	Monson River Bk,	dis
Columbia Bank,	1¼ dis	Maritime Bank,	—
Crawford Co. Bank,		Hancock, Ellsworth,	dis
Meadville,	5 dis	Bank Hallowell,	dis
Doylestown Bank,	par	Norembega Bank,	dis
Easton Bk, Easton,	par	MARYLAND.	
Erie Bank, Erie,	5 dis	Baltimore,	⅛ dis
Erie City Bk, Erie,	5 dis	Solvent Bks,	1 to 3 dis
Ex. Bk. Pittsburg,	1¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
Farm's Bk. Bucks Co,	par	Free Banks,	60 to 70 dis
" " Lancas'r,	par	INDIANA.	
" " Read'g,	1¼ dis	State bk Branches	1 to 5 dis
" " Schl. Co	1¼ dis	NEW JERSEY.	
Far. & Drovers' Bk,	1¼ dis	Solvent Bks,	par to ½ dis
Far. & Mechanics'		DISTRICT COLUMBIA.	
Bank, Easton,	par	Solvent Banks,	2 to 3 dis
Frank'n Bk, Wash.	1¼ dis	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Harrisburg Bank,	1¼ dis	Solvent Banks,	20 to 25 dis
Honesdale Bank,	1¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
IronCity Bk, Pitts.,	1¼ dis	Solvent Banks,	50 dis
Jersey Shore Bank,	1¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
Kittanning Bank,	1¼ dis	All Banks,	uncertain
Lancaster Bank,	—	GEORGIA.	
" Co. Bank,		Solvent Banks,	50 dis
Lebanon Bank,	1¼ dis	Manufacturers' Bk,	
" Valley Bk	1¼ dis	Macon,	—
Lewisburg Bank,	1¼ dis	Bk. Mid., Ga., Man,	dis
Lock Haven Bank,	1¼ dis	Bank of Athens,	—
Mauch Chunk Bank,	par	ALABAMA.	
M'Kean Co. Bank,	..	Solvent Banks,	50 dis
Mech. Bk, Pittsb'g,	1¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Mer. & Man. Bk, do,	1¼ dis	Solvent Banks,	25 to 30 dis
Miners' Bk. Potts'e,	par	OHIO.	
Monongahela Valley		Solvent Banks,	1 to 1½ dis
Bank,	—	Canal Bk, Clevel'd,	— dis
Monongahela Bank	1¼ dis	Seneca Bk, Tiffin,	—
N. W. Bk. Warren,	5 dis	KENTUCKY.	
Octorora Bk, Oxf'd,	1¼ dis	Solvent Banks,	3 to 5 dis
Shamokin Bank,	1¼ dis	Kentucky Trust Co,	failed
Stroudsburg Bank,	1¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
Tioga Co. Bank,	1¼ dis	Solvent Banks,	15 to 20 dis
Union Bk, Reading	1¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
Warren Co. Bank,	1¼ dis	Solvent Bks,	25 to 30 dis
West Branch Bk,	1¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
Wyoming Bank,		All Solvent Bks,	1 to 1½ dis
Wilkesbarre,	1¼ dis	ARKANSAS.	
York Bank, York,	1¼ dis	All Banks,	no sale
" County Bank,	1¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Free Banks,	30 to 75 dis
Solvent Banks,	20 to 25 dis	TEXAS.	
CONNECTICUT.		Com. & Ag. Galv'n,	— dis
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis	CANADA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent Banks,	1½ to 2 dis
Solvent Bks,	par to ½ dis	NEW BRUNSWICK.	
VERMONT.		Solvent Banks,	10 dis
Solvent Banks,	¼ dis	☞ Rates very unsettled.	

MARRIED.

JENNINGS—PARKER.—On the 21st September, by the Rev. Isaac Grey, Mr. FRANCIS JENNINGS, of Frankford, to Miss ALICE MATILDA, eldest daughter of William Parker, of Providence, Rhode Island. [Providence papers please copy.]

On the 24th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Mr. WILLIAM J. WALLACE to Miss MARY G. B. PETTIGREW.

Sept. 24th, by Rev. M. D Kurtz, at St. John's Parsonage, 1241 North Second st., Mr. CHAS. P. NORTON, to Miss ANNA C. STROUP, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 26th of September, 1860, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. T. J. SNYDER to Miss MARY A. SMILEY, all of this city.

On the 15th of September, by Alderman Hay, DANIEL O'NEILL to Miss ANNIE A. OSLER, both of this city.

On the 5th inst., at the Rising Sun M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. T. Y. Ashton, Mr. WILLIAM H. SPAYD and Miss MARGARET GROVES, both of the 25th Ward, Philadelphia.

On the evening of the 24th inst., in the Fourth Baptist Church, by the Rev. R. Jeffery, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM M. SHOEMAKER to Miss ABBIE P. EARLE, youngest daughter of Ethan Earle, Esq., of Leavenworth City, Kansas. [Kansas and Boston papers please copy.]

At the Parsonage, 1236 South Fourth street, Sept. 4th, by Rev. G. D. Carrow, Mr. EDWARD PARKS to Miss HANNAH LOUISA ENGLE.

DIED.

BARCLAY.—On the 25th inst., JOSEPH BARCLAY, in the 47th year of his age. [St. Louis and Boston papers please copy.]

BOUSQUET.—On 28th, Mr. PETER BOUSQUET, in the 75th year of his age.

CARROLL.—Suddenly, on the 29th instant, JOHN CARROLL, aged 50 years.

CARLIN.—On the 28th inst., JAMES CARLIN, aged 66 years.

CONCANNON.—On the 27th inst., THOMAS CONCANNON, aged 21 years.

DOONER.—Suddenly, on the 27th inst., JAS. H. DOONER, in the 22d year of his age, only son of Patrick and Mary Dooner.

DOWNING.—On the evening of the 25th inst., MARY DOWNING, relict of the late Isaac Downing, in the 95th year of her age.

FRASER.—On the 26th instant, FRANCIS MARION FRASER, in the 31st year of his age.

FROST.—On the 27th inst., MARY ANNE, daughter of Joshua and Charlotte Frost, aged 9 years.

GAINY.—On the 26th instant, PATRICK GAINY, aged 76 years. [Irish American please copy.]

HARPER.—On the 25th inst., HUGH HARPER, aged 56 years.

HAYS.—On the 25th instant, Mr. HENRY HAYS, Printer, in the 46th year of his age.

HENDERSON.—On the 26th instant, ELIZA ANN, wife of Jos. Henderson, in the 59th year of her age.

LITTLE.—On the 28th instant, CORNELIUS LITTLE, aged 44 years.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA—For the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Chronic Diseases. Medical advice given gratis by the Acting Surgeon. Valuable Reports on various Diseases, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 S. NINTH Street, Philadelphia, Pa. oc2-1t*311

THE SPLASHING OF THE CHURN.

In the dairy, cool and airy,
Stands the farmer's daughter churning;
Her cheeks are all aglow,
With health, from labor, burning;
Her ruddy arms are bare,
In a snood her flaxen hair,
'Round her brimming pans of milk,
And her gown—'tis not of silk—
Is tuck'd beneath her apron,
Clean and snowy white;
And while the staff is dashing,
Up and down incessant splashing,
In unison with hand and foot
She sings with spirit light.

"Come, Sally! take a turn
At the old wooden churn,
And quit your novel reading,
Nor think yourself a Queen;
You're more like silly Nancy,
Who lived on airy fancy,
And died in single wretchedness,
In poverty, I ween.

"Here, Mary! in the dairy
Is your proper place, my bonny lass,
An hour and more you've stood before
That flatterer false, the looking-glass;
So come! take a turn at the big wooden churn,
'Twill lend your face a glow and grace
That paint cannot impart;
And while the staff is dashing
Up and down, incessant splashing,
'Twill set your eyes a-flashing,
Till every look's a dart.
You'll lose that sobbing, sighing,
That pallid look of dying,
'Twill send the ruddy current
Beating time from out your heart.

"Come, hasten, sister Anna!
Stop a pounding that piano!
Poor broken-hearted instrument,
'Tis ever out of tune;
So cease your useless jiggin,
And bring the can and piggin,
To hold the luscious buttermilk
That will be ready soon;
And keep the staff a-dashing,
Up and down, incessant splashing;
Brother is a thrashing,
And father's with the plows;
Mother's supper getting,
And Kate's the table setting,
So let us get the churning done
Ere milking of the cows.
And we'll take a turn
At the big wooden churn;
Tho' 'tis an ancient instrument,
'Tis never out of tune;
And sings while we're dashing,
Plash, plash, plash, plashing,
A lively lay, and bang away,
We'll bring the butter soon."

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

☞ Some of the contributors to this column seem to forget, after receiving the paper, that our offer of a free subscription conditions for an *occasional* communication. Those who neglect to comply with this condition will be stricken from our free list.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WHEATS---YIELDS OF IN CENTRAL OHIO.

Absolute Necessity of Sowing a large Breadth this Fall, &c.

Last harvest, this central Ohio region gave large yields per acre, averaging in various localities from 20 to 30 bushels, though generally very foul—as we term it—that is, being much mixed with rye, cheat, weed seed, and other foreign grains; but this year we harvest a much less breadth of acres than usual, with a very lighter return. I place the average in this (Madison)—and several other counties contiguous, will not exceed our own—at from 7 to 9 bushels, very few fields giving over 10 bushels. The grain is very plump and fair, but much mixed with rye, cheat, &c., many fields being more than half these and other injurious grains. The demand having been but light since the war began, until of late, many of our growers of this cereal have almost concluded to sow but a small breadth, if any, the present fall; whereas, just the reverse should characterize their farm operations, if they wish to sustain themselves, the war, and supply the large foreign demand which is now, and must ever continue, to a greater or less extent, upon us. In a year of full crops in both France and England, the latter country must draw on foreign countries for at least 30,000,000 bushels of this staple, while in such seasons as the two last in England, that demand must be largely increased—say from 200 to 400 per cent. While now France is the larger buyer in our market, and the present prospect is that with our largely diminished yields, and falling off of supplies from the great Northwest, consequent upon short crops all over the wheat producing region of the Union, it is plain that our surplus of last year, after making up for this year's deficiency, and supplying our army with the large amounts needed for them, and our own home consumption, before another harvest comes round, will leave us but a meagre quantity to spare, and left over for another year. And in the very probable contingencies of additional large demands from the Continent, and a short crop at home, with a diminished breadth to gather from, we will most probably be obliged to resort to hog and homony, and eschew the luxury of wheat bread, until renewed activity enables our producers to rejoice with full harvests. Our agriculturists are much too apathetic, and seem to forget that we have just as many consumers as ever, while we have fewer producers. I trust, dear "Dollar," knowing you have the good of all mankind at your heart, that you will not only give this an early place in your columns, but also see and appreciate the pressing absolute necessity of urging editorially, soon and often, to your numerous corps of readers, and all mankind, that unless we increase our breadth of wheat acres the present fall, we will almost inevitably be obliged to see the country and the world, ourselves, and our army, demanding this grain, and finding not. In other words, that all our surplus of last year (we have but a small surplus this year, anywhere in the Union), will be exhausted by our own, and the unusual heavy export demand, before another summer's harvest, and unless we sow largely and reap good returns—which latter is very uncertain, with our constantly increasing destroying pests—we will not be enabled to supply home and army consumption, and also the foreign demand which will surely be made to a greater or less extent upon us. Then, wheat growers, farmers of the Union, let your watchword be, "sow wheat," and let the sowing be prolonged as late as possible; get in all you can possibly devote to this grain of your acres, urge all your friends and neighbors to imitate your example. Rest assured all you can possibly produce will be wanted, and that, too, at paying prices. Trusting all your readers will heed my injunction ere it be too late, is the sincere wish of yours, truly, W.

Loudon, Madison Co., O., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

The Making and Managing of Manures.

In a certain school district in a western township, there has been in existence for several years past, an association of farmers, called "The Mutual Improvement Farmers' Club," or, in brief, "The Mutual." Some of the more active and prominent members of this club happen to be readers of "The Dollar Newspaper;" and as there may be a similar condition of things as to the membership of other farmers' clubs within the extended circle throughout which this agricultural, and family, and patriotic journal is disseminated, we have been lately led to think that some of the benefits which the members of each of these clubs derive from its meetings and discussions might be participated in by the members of all of them, if occasional reports of their proceedings were sent to this journal for publication. Should this suggestion be approved by readers of the "Dollar," who are also members of farmers' clubs, may we not anticipate that hereafter, and especially during the coming winter, the meetings of such clubs being commonly most frequent in the winter, we may find in this paper a succession of such reports, detailing the more interesting and instructive portions of the opening essays and communications, and of the discussions or remarks elicited thereby? During the first four years of its existence, the farmers' club alluded to held its meetings only during the winter—once in two weeks at the school-house, save on some special occasions when the club was invited to the house of one of the members—but this year, at the close of the winter meetings, it was resolved to continue the meetings monthly during the summer, and to combine visiting and examining the farms of the members with the usual business or proceedings of the club as much as possible. At the last meeting of our club the subject for discussion was that which stands as caption to this communication. This subject had been fixed upon at the previous meeting, mainly, we presume, in consequence of its having been found that several of the members were then engaged in clearing out their barn-yards, in order to have them ready for the reception of the new stacks of straw, for which accommodation must always be found when the wheat and other grain crops are threshed by the machines which at this season travel up and down—hither and thither—throughout the district. Of the remarks and statements made in the opening essay or communication, and in the discussion following, we subjoin the following, and would invite comments thereon, in the hope that, at least, some of the younger and less experienced of the farmers who may be readers of this paper, may receive some useful hint, suggestion, or item of information. It seemed to be generally acknowledged that on a majority of farms, even in our comparatively new States, there are indications of exhaustion of the soil or loss of fertility, after ten or twenty years of continual cropping, if the saving and applying of manures has been neglected or carelessly attended to. It followed, as a necessary inference from this fact, so generally beginning to be seen and acknowledged, that the acquiring knowledge as to the best manner of making and managing his manure was of the utmost importance to every farmer. Such knowledge is indispensably necessary to success in farming. The best of cultivation and farm management in other respects will avail but little, it was said, without fertility in the soil; and a due degree of fertility cannot be secured or maintained except by the proper saving and applying of every fertilizing material which the farm, the stock, the house, waste, &c., can be made to furnish. Without this, almost all soils will soon become exhausted. 2. Next, it seemed to be generally felt and acknowledged, with some by their silence and apparent ashamedness, and with others by a frank confession, that there was with all, or nearly all, a great loss of fertilizing matter, or of the best qualities of both stable and barn-yard manure, caused by drainage or washings from heavy rains and melting snows. In several parts of the country, it was stated, the annual fall of rain is from 36 to 40 inches in vertical depth. Such a body of water, say three feet in depth, must carry off from most farm-yards—from all, indeed, not hollowed out in the form of a deep basin, or provided with a tank—the richest and most valuable portions of whatever manurial matters may be contained therein. Though few of the members seemed able to claim that they had been at any pains to prevent the great waste of fertilizing materials caused by the washings of rain and snow, yet all seemed convinced that this waste might be prevented by a proper hollowing out of their yards into the form of a deep basin, well puddled with clay, if the subsoil were not retentive, or by the digging of a large tank capable of holding all the liquids which might drain from the manure in the yard. The liquids flowing into this tank or vat might be made to drain through a bed of well-dried muck or of clay, by which arrangement all the fertilizing constituents of these liquids would be absorbed and preserved. These beds of clay or muck might be renewed every now and then, and fresh ones applied for the absorption of whatever fertilizing materials the next heavy rain might wash out of the manure heap. Or where arrangements of this kind could not be conveniently attended to, the liquids escaping from a barn-yard—and they will escape even from a yard which is basin-shaped, if not very deep—may be conveyed by a brick, or tile, or log conduit, to another basin or a vat, and absorbed by muck or clay as before, only that the water will then be retained instead of being drained off after passing through the bed or filter of clay or muck. We hoped when we commenced writing this report of an important essay and discussion on the making, saving and general management of manures, to have been able to make our sheet contain a good deal more of what appeared to us the more important portions of the remarks submitted upon that occasion. But our sheet is full, and as short articles are more acceptable than long ones, we will here pause for the present, and resume our report at a season of more leisure. Meanwhile, it might add interest and utility to the present portion of our report, if some of our brother readers of the "Dollar" would make criticisms and comments as they see fit. COULTIS.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AN APPEAL TO FARMERS.

In the present great struggle, the farmer occupies a high and important position. Most assuredly, then, does it behoove him to act in a wise and patriotic manner. If in the United States there is one class to whom the Union should be dear, it is the farmer. The prosperity of the Republic is his prosperity, and he shares equally in its disgrace and defeat. It has educated his children, it has given him peace and fortune, in fact, everything which man can ask of his Government. And now, when threatened with annihilation by an iniquitous rebellion, it calls upon its sons for support. Shall any, especially farmers, churlishly refuse with the expression of, "I did not assist to bring on the war, and now they may fight it themselves." It is apparently incredible that any citizen should be so utterly blind as not to perceive that the destruction of the Government involves the certain ruin of himself. The Government is the people, and if the Government suffers, so must all citizens in an exact proportion with the Government, let them be Democrats or Republicans, Southern Fire-eaters or Northern Abolitionists. This is an axiom which no man can disprove—that in supporting the Administration in all legal measures, you only support yourself. Will a man sell his life? Upon the farming population of the loyal States does the Union principally depend to furnish the necessary supplies of breadstuff, beef, pork and horses—by the way, no small items. Half a million of the very best of our men will now be consumers, whereas before, the greater portion were producers; and those left at home must work the harder to produce the required amount to sustain our troops. In the present crisis it is the duty, and it should be the pleasure of the tiller of the soil, to administer bountifully to the wants of our vast army. And to do this, the coming harvest (next year's) must be above the average considerably. The prospects are that foreign nations will draw largely upon us for breadstuffs, and the amount must necessarily be largely increased to meet the growing demand. And should the price of provisions, through the negligence of farmers, be largely advanced, the cost also of keeping a large army will tell upon our pockets. The farmer, by raising a bountiful crop the ensuing harvest, will most probably ensure lighter taxes than can be levied, should it be small. The reason is obvious, a difference of two dollars in the cost of one barrel of flour (other articles in proportion), will make a vast amount in the U. S. expenses; and remember, should it be so increased, you at the same time increase the burden for yourself. Then, farmers, get to the work diligently; spend no idle time, if ever you did; rise earlier and work later if necessary to get a greater breadth of land than ever; be economical, and the result is easily foretold. The expenses of the Government will be less, your taxes lighter, the army well supplied, and the rebellion crushed in due time. Do not, I beseech you, neglect the importance of the position you occupy; it will matter but little to you what compensation you receive for your grain and your beef, if our great Nation is disunited, scintillating into petty State Republics, which, existing for a short time in a state of war and anarchy, shall finally be swallowed up in barbarism and nothingness. When the American Republic falls, European despots will make merry and be glad, and the hopes of freedom and Christianity be, for a time, if not forever, crushed. Farmers, remember the position you occupy, and do your duty to a country which has done so much to you. I would that I could stand upon some high eminence, and, with a voice of thunder and tongue of flame, proclaim to every farm house in the North the great importance of the subject. Brother farmers, we are just what the Union is.

A CAMBRIA DEMOCRAT.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CANTHARIS VITTATA; OR, POTATO FLY.

This part of Indiana is now, and has been for the last few years, infested with the potato fly or bug. Its ravages on the potatoes, tomatoes, &c., are so great, that many farmers have nearly ceased to raise the Irish potato for market, and hardly sufficient for their own use. Now I do not think that the subject of small and large potatoes for planting, should engage the public mind as much as the care of them while growing. The fly makes its appearance generally in July, and in a few days entirely ruins the potato crop. Farmers have devised a great many remedies to get rid of this pest, but have thus far failed. Some plant very early in the Spring, so that the potato may have nearly its growth. Some try to kill the bug by whipping them [illegible] with whips, or build [illegible] will burn them. While others will, after the fly has devoured the vines, plow through the field and prosecute the raising as if they were raising them from the potato. The object of this Article, is to learn through the proper department of the "Newspaper," if there is any mode by which the potato can be raised without being ruined by this annual visiter. The Cantharis Vittata is a native of America, and is similar to the Cantharides or European Fly, and if applied to the skin, will cause vesication or blistering of the skin, which is fully equal to the European insect.

Quincy, Indiana. J. J. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SORGO SUCRE FOR HOGS.

When we take into consideration the extravagant prices paid for bacon during the last summer and fall, and the very high rates at which hogs were sold, and are now selling for bacon, it a matter of earnest inquiry, how can we increase the quantity and quality of our fattening hogs at the least cost? The winter, thus far, has been so mild, and the acorns are yet so plenty in the woods, that hogs are generally in better condition now than I have known them in the winter for many years. But acorns cannot last always, and it becomes necessary to make some provision for grunter when the acorns have been eaten, the spring grasses and clover been grazed, and the harvest field gleaned. Corn is then generally scarce and dear, and, consequently, grunter has to live on short allowance, at a time when it is important to his master that he should be growing fast, and kept in order. Now in order to accomplish this object, I would advise your readers to adopt a plan which I followed last year with entire success. About the 20th of April, I planted a piece of land in sorgo sucre, putting about a pint of seed to the acre, in beds four feet wide, and the seed dropped about four inches apart, covering about an inch deep. Cultivated afterwards like broom corn, and as soon as the tassel begun to appear, I commenced feeding the hogs, by cutting out the stalks which had the tassels, and throwing them over to the hogs. At first they did not understand it, but as soon as they got a taste of the rich saccharine juice, they devour it readily, chewing up the entire stalk, and after sucking out the sap, dropped the exhausted bagrasse on the ground. When they had eaten enough, they would go to the branch, drink, and returning, spend the day principally at the feed. From that time I fed them morning and evening on the sorgo alone, until I penned them for fattening, and I salted up the finest quality of domestic pork I ever had. One of my nearest neighbors, whom I furnished with seed, adopted this plan with equally favorable results. Should any of your subscribers wish to try the experiment, but have not the seed, they can get as many as their stamps will cover, by enclosing to my address a self-sealing envelope (directed to themselves), with one or two stamps securely fastened on it, and I will put as many seed in their envelopes as their stamps will carry, and return them to the Post-Office without delay, and free of charge.

Woodson, Va., 1861. R.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE FARMER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

On every man devolve responsibilities—responsibility to God, and responsibility to man. To the farmer is committed an important trust; a talent that he is under obligation to improve. He is the hand in God's providence that pushes the world ahead, and should that hand be withdrawn, or become palsied, wo would be to the nations of the earth. That farming, by a vast number of the "lords of the soil," is conducted in a careless, unsystematic, and unscientific manner, will readily be admitted by all. All can see, if they choose, that any kind of land is susceptible of great improvement. This is a truth so self-evident, and withal so important, that it is astonishing that it is so little regarded. Here some might raise the query, How can we improve our land? To do this, there are almost as many ways as Proteus had shapes. Of the army of fertilizers, I think Mr. Barnyard Manure is the Captain, and commands the greatest respect and attention, though by no means the exclusive attention, of the farmer. The barn yard should receive the farmer's serious attention, and everything available to swell it, should be gathered and preserved in the best manner. Another way to improve land to advantage, is by a judicious use of lime (where it can be procured). Lime is peculiarly adapted to the growing of clover, and when clover can once be grown by proper management, land will gradually improve; but to be successful in this way, it should be sown liberally. Our wheat, rye, oats and corn-fields, should be seeded with it. But what I had intended to say is this: that the farmer who improves the soil, is a public benefactor, and that the man who defaces and impoverishes God's earth, commits a sin for which he is responsible to man and to God. J. S. H.

Franklin, S. C., Pa.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LOSS OF GRAIN IN GRINDING.

Every person knows that there is always more or less of a loss in the process of grinding wheat or other grain into flour, but the reason of it is not so well known as it ought to be. Now this loss varies according to the hardness of the grain itself, and the season of the year when it is ground. For the friction between the grinding stones in grinding produces more or less of heat in the meal, and this heat, when great, not only makes the flour of a yellowish color, but also causes an unusual amount of it to pass away into the air in the form of a steam or watery vapor, and so be lost. It is evident from this, that the loss of grain from grinding will always be the greatest in hot weather, and the least in cold weather; and that the cooler the flour is as it comes from the stones, the whiter and better and more abundant per bushel it will be. It is also evident from this, that it requires a considerable amount of skill in the preparation and setting of the stones and the like to avoid loss in grinding, and make a white and good flour. These principles of the grinding process may serve to throw light on, and explain the inquiries of one of your correspondents who described the loss sustained by him and his neighbors in the grinding of their Indian corn. WEST BRANCH.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

SALT BUTTER.—Owing to depression in business, and consequent scarcity of money, I have purchased packed butter, rather than give a price beyond my means for the fresher article offered in our city markets. But my family find that in a short time after my purchases leave the commission house, this butter generally becomes poorer in quality every day, and loses the flavor and nutritious properties it had when first bought. Should some of the correspondents of the "Dollar Newspaper" state how this matter could be remedied, it would be doing a public good that I consider many citizens would feel grateful for. ECONOMY.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPE.

CURING BONE SPAVIN.—Take equal parts of nitric acid (aqua fortis) and spirits of nitre. Drop the nitric acid gradually, a few drops at a time, into the spirits of nitre, for it will boil, which you must prevent, until it is mixed, and leave it open until cold. Then oil the spavin with neat's foot oil, and apply the composition to it with a feather once a day, until it shows effect by ruffling the hair. Then add three times a day until healed; and it will not fail if directions are followed. C. D. J.

Chenango County, 1861.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

DISCOVERIES REGARDING LIGHT.—The celebrated French photographer and chemist, M. Niepce de St. Victor, has recently made some valuable discoveries regulating what he calls the persistent activity of light. He exposed to the influence of bright sunlight for three hours a piece of porcelain plate, then he removed it and laid it upon a piece of paper which had been prepared with chloride of silver. Some parts of the paper were intentionally not laid under the porcelain, for the purpose of discovering what would be the difference, if any, between the covered and uncovered parts. After twenty four hours had elapsed, the porcelain was removed and the paper examined, when it was found that the silver salts were reduced in that part of the paper which had been placed under the porcelain, but no effect was produced in the paper which had not been covered. This led him to conclude that solar light communicated activity to some bodies, which they retained after exposure to the sun's rays. He then tried experiments with a steel plate, one part of which was polished, and another part made rough on the surface with strong nitric acid, then washed with alcohol and dried. This plate was exposed to the sun's rays for three hours, and then one-half the polished part of it, and one-half of the rough part were placed under an opaque screen, with the other portions under a piece of transparent glass. The plate was then laid upon albumenized paper prepared with chloride of silver. After twenty-four hours' contact—the same time as the porcelain—an impression of the unpolished portion of the steel plate, acted upon by the light, was obtained; but none from the polished part, nor from the unpolished portion which had been placed under the opaque screen.

MACHINERY FOR MANUFACTURING BREAD.—One of the largest establishments in the world for the manufacture of bread by machinery is that at Portsmouth, England. In this process, the ingredients being mixed in proper proportions, are subjected to the action of revolving knives, by which they are mixed. The dough thus formed is passed beneath heavy cast-iron rollers, moving horizontally along stout tables, which press it into huge masses, six feet long by three broad. After being cut into smaller pieces, and again subjected to the action of the rollers, thus quickly reducing all knots, and thoroughly mixing the dough—it is passed under a sheet roller while lying upon large flat boards.

The next operation is that of cutting the thin sheets of prepared dough into properly shaped biscuits. The shape adapted is that of the hexagon, for the same reason as that which appears to have dictated the instinct of the bee in forming its cells. If the circle had been the form used, it is evident that the pieces of dough left between the touching circles must have been unused, whereas, from the peculiar shape of the hexagon, the whole sheet of dough, with the exception of insignificant portions of the edges, goes to form biscuits. The dough to be cut into biscuits being placed in the blanket, a frame moving vertically, having on its under surface sharp edged hexagonal divisions, is brought down upon it, thus cutting at one operation fifty-two biscuits. To facilitate the removal of these to the oven, the frame is allowed to come down only a sufficient length to cut the cakes nearly, but not quite through. When baked they are very easily separated. There is also an ingenious provision to prevent the dough adhering to the interstices between the sharp cutting edges.

PHOTOGRAPHING COLOR.—A short paper, recently published by Sir John Herschel, on this subject, contains some matters of interest. The author expresses his firm belief that the problem will one day be solved; and mentions a photograph in his own possession, in which green foliage is unmistakeably distinguished as green from the sepia tints of other portions of the picture. He considers it important, in attempts to obtain color, that the non luminous rays should be cut off, which can be done by quinine. In the absence of a perfect, positive photography, he reminds experimenters, that they must work through the intervention of a negative; and that they ought not to expect this negative to be colored, either as the objects are, or with their complementary colors, in order to yield a colored picture by the process of photographic painting. The effect of colors in the object would thus be to convert the negative into absorbent media, which would reproduce the colors from whose action they were derived.

SUPPLYING FUEL TO FURNACES.—An improved plan has been brought forward for supplying the fuel of furnaces with support of combustion. The invention consists essentially in mixing oxygen gas or atmospheric air—or oxygen gas with atmospheric air—with the vapor of water or steam, when the steam is passed into or through ignited carbonaceous matter, for the purpose of effecting the decomposition of the steam, and obtaining therefrom hydrogen gas, or carburetted hydrogen gas and carbonic oxyd gas; such gases and mixture of gases being intended to be applied in generating heat by any ordinary or other application thereof. The addition to the steam of the oxygen gas mixed with atmospheric air is made in order to facilitate the decomposition of the steam, through the greater heat developed by means of the action of the oxygen in contact with the steam and the carbonaceous matter. This method has been adopted with success in several establishments.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

BY E. D. N.

O! God of the poor in their sorrow!
Once more by thy mercy and might,
Who notest the fall of a sparrow,
To me send my mother to-night.

I'm weary of the sneers of the worldling,
Cold neglect, and *Charity's* slight;
I pray thee, this burden removing,
To me send my mother to-night.

O! here 'neath the stars that shine o'er me,
Revealing her grave by their light,
In grief, I, an orphan, implore thee,
To me send my mother to-night.

O! send her sweet voice to the dying,
For hunger and want cast their blight
Upon the wan outcast, still sighing,
To me send my mother to-night.

But soft is the music that's stealing
The sting from the keen archer's might,
And radiant the form o'er her kneeling,
For the mother has come to-night.

Greene, N. Y., 1861.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—well, it is not less than forty—my little home flock was led in the manner of years by my daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and, being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the latter comers, even down to little "Pigeon," the latest and tiniest of them all. The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have simmered and evaporated since had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over those years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectionate illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who love them look through into the heart, and then imagine it is surface light of which we are thinking.

This much I know: Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wildest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and tact the greatest and strongest of us will involuntarily lean.

"Minnie, shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would ask.

Looking up with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought, Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do, mother," and five it was.

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling down from the top of the stairs:

"Minnie! Say—Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"You are tired, mother; let us have a little ham and some eggs, with some peas from the garden, and bread." That settled the bill of fare.

And so it was through the livelong day; for in all the domestic policy, Minnie, though only prime minister, passed for regal power.

At this time—this forty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood. I was largely engaged in active business, received some slight evidences of public confidence, saw a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening. One night, when the last candle had been extinguished, and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone:

"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what is the matter—is she sick?"

"No, she isn't sick—but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—well, I'm afraid she likes Jemmy Brun."

"Jemmy Brun! She'd better not." And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window. "Jemmy Brun and our Minnie! a pretty match!"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but don't take it too much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it." And motherly sobs came from the pillow.

"Put a stop to it! I guess I will. Jemmy Brun and our Minnie! I guess I *will* put a stop to it!"

And who was Jemmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood, of good habits, so far as I know, but altogether, and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshipped business tact and enterprise. It had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind—taught in an academy—was a writer, it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks, and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt. I had known it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt for the least possible manifestation of sentiment—for those unthrifty fellows who have never an eye for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, clasp imagery and ride upon rythm. You may see it now every day in commercial houses. It springs, I think, from the absolute antagonism of fact and fancy—from the figures which dot the pages of the ledger and those which the little [illegible] lines of the poet. "The Muses frowned on me," said a German poet, "for keeping account books. Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant towards those miserable fellows whose entire stock-in trade can be stored in a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down and preventing the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior discretion, I chafed at times like a bear in harness. If wife had not been almost a Bailey in fact, I should certainly have broken into plunging even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pussy in the door way as auditor. But the child, though she moved about from seat to seat, and blushed very much, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared she was heart whole yet—"as why shouldn't she be—for Jemmy Brun had not said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden."

So wife and I got easy again.

But what should I see one evening, while sauntering out under my own grove of forest oaks near the house, but two figures flitting slowly hither and thither among the distant trees. Like a knave as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them—watched them nervously, glaringly, till I saw Jemmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on the lips, and look lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was reclining upon the sward by her path. Determined to meet and confront her there, I sat and watched her coming. Certainly Minnie's face never wore that expression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes, which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and depth which I never saw before. She passed me: so utterly was the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie!" I said in a tone which startled myself scarcely less than the child.

"Oh!" and she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle in the grass.

I raised myself very slowly—I am very slow when very angry—and, standing stiffly before her, glowered down into her eyes—Minnie's beautiful, living eyes—with a sternness which had never failed to terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen leaf at first, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and, in the strength of love and innocence, looked into her father's face at length with perfect composure.

I must not repeat the words that followed—they shall never be written—would to God they had never been spoken!

Minnie had given him her heart, and would give him her hand. How could she help it? Even her father's anger should not prevent her in filling her word: for was not Jemmy Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and [illegible]. All this she said to me with the [illegible] of a perfect heroine. [illegible] were almost as much astonished [illegible].

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie" said I, striding into the sitting room, and breaking in upon a most comfortable afternoon reverie, only relieved by the solemn ticking of the clock and the busy click of the knitting needles.

"Lord! what's the matter?" and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower pot on the window fell, splitting and crashing on the bricks outside; "there goes the flower pot—tell me quick—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scape-grace in spite of us; she says she will to *me*—in the face of my absolute commands."

Thereupon I walked the floor, wife staring at me the while.

"I'll never forgive her, never."

"Husband, stop and think. He—"

"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her, and I won't. Call her in."

Wife left the room in search of Minnie. She was gone a long while, from which circumstance I have always had the suspicion that she spent the time in soothings and comfortings, scarcely to be considered as abetting my view of the case. At length they returned both tearful. We sat down together, a constrained group—Minnie very tearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and these were the closing words:

"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant me that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor you, father. You cannot doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."

"Do so if you will, but remember, your father will never forgive you."

Thus ended the interview—wife sobbing distressingly, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting glum and angry. I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers do, but I told Minnie again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jemmy Brun, and in a very silly speech inform him that, since he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or henceforth. She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they should come to want.' I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave me—a glance in which pride seemed vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth sparkles.

"Very well, sir; we will try and not 'come to want.'"

That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers.

I had always been demonstrative toward my children, the elder as well as the younger. Minnie had never lost her right to her father's knee, nor did she ever meet me in the morning or part from me at night without a kiss. This was denied her now. Poor child! it was the sorest trial of all. Once or twice she clung tearfully to me in my sternness, and reaching up to clasp my neck with her white arms, tried to bend my lips to hers. No. I promised her never a kiss while I lived.

Women are strange creatures. There was my wife, who had entirely sympathized with me, as I supposed, absolutely giving aid and comfort to our recreant daughter. I verily believe that, long before the wedding day came, she was as thoroughly interested in the whole affair as though Minnie had been about to marry the best business man in town. Little use was it for me to tighten my purse strings, and direct that the child should have no marriage outfit of wardrobes, pillow cases, counterpanes and the thousand and one *et ceteras* in which mothers take such pleasure. In spite of me, but surreptitiously, Minnie was well provided for, I am sure. I remember that at the shopman's bills for some ten months after seemed unusually full, both in number of items and footing of columns; and I shrewdly suspected that wife had arranged with the tradesmen to have articles scattered along through the months. She was always a good financier.

The ceremony was performed in church. I was present, lest my absence might give too great notoriety to the family jar. Useless. The whole town having long since been made acquainted with the state of affairs—the bride's beauty and the bridegroom's popularity—set many eyes upon me with the sparkle of criticism in them.

"He needn't look so savage like," muttered a gruff old yeoman behind me; "there ain't a likelier young fellow anywhere hereabouts than Jemmy Brun; an' though Minnie *be* purty as a pink, it's a good match—a real bargain—so."

Long, long months went by after the marriage—tedious, unhappy months to me. I knew I was being soured by the self imposed restraint on the affectionate part of my nature. Minnie came to her old home sometimes. Once or twice she begged for the return of the old love, the home kiss. No. My daughter was happy in her husband, happy in her new home. But I saw very plainly that the bliss of the old home was lost to her.

Nearly two years went back into the past, shadowed in this manner, when a little human blossom was laid in its cradle. A little struggling, wee thing—another little Minnie. Poor me! Here was a new influence to be stemmed, as boats stem another gust and another wave. But I braced myself; and when I had been forced into Minnie's chamber, stood over the pale child with the little one on her arm, and heard the faint voice and the sweetly beseeching look, "Do kiss me, father!" I shook my head and went out.

One day a strange change came over the young mother, alarming the experienced, and giving to the physician that ominous air of grave mystery which strikes into the soul of the loving. I moved about full of fear and guilty distress. The symptoms became more and more alarming—she was sinking. I was called to her bedside as that of my first dying child. As I bent over the white face, almost translucent with weakness, illuminated by eyes all undimmed by illness, my Minnie gave me the old-timed glance of love, and throwing up her hands as if to clasp my neck, said faintly, but oh! so earnestly—

"Kiss me, father!"

I bent down to my daughter, my first born, and we wept long together—the strong father and the faintly breathing child.

What do you think Minnie did? Why, she got well again, and in two months was as musical as a lark, and as gay—looking after the little Minnie like a pretty mother, as she was.

However, the ice was fairly broken, and I was my fatherly self ever after. Minnie even ventured, after a time, to make merry at my expense over the fact that not only was Jemmy Brun the best of husbands but one of the most well-known of American writers.

I think I was a very great fool.

A MOTHER'S TRIAL.

Deacon and Mrs. Chase were strict and reverent members of an Evangelical Church, in a secluded New England village, and kept unbroken and undiluted the strong old faith of the Puritans. "Sister Chase," as the good deacon's grave wife was called in the church, was a devout, earnest, praying woman, who was also ready at every call of duty, and kept her lamp always trimmed and burning.

With meek and conscientious fidelity, she also sought to train up her children in the way they should go, not omitting the occasional application of Solomon's prescription; yet many a confession she made upon bended knees, and many a tear shed in the night hours over her own short-comings and the departure of her family from the path of rectitude.

But with this laboring and praying mother, there was one stereotyped style of goodness, and it was to produce this in all under her charge that she labored. Servants and children alike were expected to become passive, unquestioning, tame-spirited recipients of her theology, or they were in the "gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity." No matter if nature had made a fiery, impetuous Peter, grace must make him a docile, undemonstrative John. Good Mrs. Chase understood duty better than she did human nature, but sometimes her ignorance of the one led her into a misrepresentation of the other. She had four children, two meek, submissive girls, and two boys, one of whom was too young as yet to be the object or cause of much anxiety; the other, with whom our story has most to do, a fiery, impetuous, fun-loving school-boy of ten years, rejoicing in mischief, and no repenting very effectually, except when he felt that he had given pain to one he loved; and he loved as he did everything else, with an *animus*.

With this boy, this erratic, wilful master Fred, lay Sister Chase's sorest trouble.

"Where could he have got such a nature?" she asked herself in perplexity. "Certainly not from me; and if it were in their father, why have not the other children inherited it?"

Mrs. Chase was a firm believer in total depravity; if she had ever been skeptical on that point, she would have been restored to soundness after a short experience in managing Fred. When the boy's erratic propensities began to manifest themselves in his babyhood, his mother was puzzled, for the young tyrant would lie awake when all Christian babies ought to be asleep; he would scream from no conceivable cause, and manage to fight strong battles with those two red fists of his when he should have quietly submitted to his morning ablutions. As soon as he grew large enough to run about the house, which was earlier than any other child of the family, he was "into everything;" nothing could be kept safe from his depredations unless out of his reach, and the quiet, nicely-kept furniture of the Chase domicil received more dents, scratches, and belaborings generally, than during the entire previous period of its household use.

After a while these practices were checked by wholesome discipline; but what was kept under in one place, would crop out in another. At church he was the severest of trials, for sitting still was a virtue which refused to be engrafted upon Fred, though it was natural to his sisters. At family prayers, while the rest listened to the service, Fred described the diagrams on the carpet with the toe of his shoe, or rummaged with one hand among the promiscuous collection which he carried in his pocket, or planned the next chestnut excursion, and was off with a whoop and a bound, as soon as his father had said "Amen." Not one deliberate act of malice, or violence, or mischief, did Fred plan, but he was boiling over with animal spirits, which must find vent somehow; and the perpetual air of constraint about the family, the subdued tone, and the solemnity of his mother's appeals to him to repent and give his heart to Christ, only drove him to the opposite extreme. In vain did she tell him, when his merriment became unbearable, that "the laughter of fools was like the crackling of thorns under a pot!" He hated the author of those words, because he somewhat felt, though he could not say it, that mirth was a part of his nature and could not and would not be ignored. In vain did she tell him that "the way of the transgressor is hard"—and that she feared he was "in the broad road to death;" the only hard way for him was the way of precision, and grave, steady application. If she had told him these were the ways of the transgressors, he would have fully believed her. The good mother had in her heart consecrated this first-born son to God, and her fondest hope was to see him a minister of the Gospel. She used to take him alone into her room, and read to him, and pray with him, and weep over his want of interest, when he would break into the story of young Samuel or Timothy, with "What time is it, mother? May'nt I go pretty soon?"

By the time he was ten or eleven years of age, he had begun to consider himself as a sort of reprobate, given over—"It was of no use for him to try to be good, as he could see, and yet he didn't see what he had done that was very bad, only he couldn't be as his mother wanted him to be, and he supposed he was an awful sinner, for he had always been told that he was"—and he began to do from perversity what he had formerly done simply from excess of spirits and love of merriment.

About this time, the church to which Mrs. Chase belonged had a new minister—not very young, nor very attractive at first sight. His predecessor—a cold, grave man, who preached sound doctrine, but took no personal interest in the youth of his flock—had been rather a dread to Master Fred, to whom he looked like a perpetual exclamation point, in view of his misdeeds; but the new minister, who came to stay a few days at Deacon Chase's, while the parsonage was painted, was entirely a different sort of man. Fred eyed him askance, and came very reluctantly to be introduced to him, but there was something kindly in the minister's manner, as he said, after the first salutations, "Was it you I saw feeding the rabbits this morning?"

Fred colored with a glow of conscious pleasure as he said, "Yes, sir," and added, timidly, "I tamed them myself."

"Ah!" said the minister, "I should like to visit them with you by-and-by."

Fred hardly felt satisfied in his own mind as to the propriety of a minister's taking an interest in rabbits; they were worldly concerns, he supposed, and he had got the idea that everything which was not religious was sinful. However, he led the way triumphantly, when the minister was ready to visit the rabbits, and could not help feeling a kindly leaning towards the man who had been in his company for hours without looking or speaking reproaches. In a day or two, a pleasant cordiality had sprung up between the pastor and the erratic boy, and one evening, the latter was delighted and surprised by the pastor's asking him to go the next day to show where the woods were, for he loved forest rambles. Fred could hardly sleep that night for anticipation, and was up at dawn of day. As he passed the door of the minister's room, he heard him praying, and softening his steps, and hushing his whistling, he glided down stairs more softly than he was ever known to do before. They were off as soon as breakfast was over, two or three miles into the thick woods, and Fred leaped over the rocks and turned aside the refractory bushes, and moved intruding branches and stones from the minister's way; he showed him where the partridges had their haunts, and the wild rabbits were to be entrapped, and the rare wild flowers were to be found, and gathered the hoicest berries on cool, green leaves for his new-found friend.

"Do you love the woods, and all the wild things and curious places?" he ventured to ask at length, as the minister mounted a high rock which overlooked a secluded little pond.

The minister replied, "Certainly I do; and I love a good boy's company, too," he added, with a smile.

"Well, I don't think you are much like old Mr. Cranston. I thought it was wicked to love such things," he added, with boyish bluntness.

"Come up here and sit down on this mossy place, and let us talk about it a little," said the minister. "What made you think it was wicked?"

"Why, I supposed it wasn't serving God, and it isn't work, like making hay, or anything of that sort, and so I thought it might be wicked; or at least I didn't know that pious people and ministers ever cared about such things," Fred replied, with a little hesitation.

"Did not Jesus go out into the fields, and alone upon the mountains, and often cross the lake with His disciples in their fishing boats?" said Mr. Barry; "did He not speak of the birds and the flowers? God made them all; don't you think He meant we should love them? It says in the Bible, 'He hath made everything beautiful in His time,' and, as God has 'given us all things richly to enjoy,' I think we should be very ungrateful if we did not enjoy them."

"Well, then you don't think play is wicked, do you?" asked Fred, with earnestness.

"There may be wicked plays," replied the minister, "but play in itself is not wicked, any more than eating and drinking, and fifty other things. If we have bad thoughts in our hearts, and act and talk badly, then our play is wicked; but if we have innocent feelings, and play so as to do no harm to others, play is not only right, but necessary."

"But I have heard people say, 'Don't waste your precious time in play,'" said Fred.

"If a boy neglects his lessons or duties at play, it would be wasting his time," said Mr. Barry; "but when a child's tasks are done, he ought to play—God has made it necessary for children to play; the kitten plays; the young of all creatures play; it is nature's way of developing the muscles and bones, and making them strong, and it is good for the mind, for it teaches *thought*. You have mistaken some well-meant teachings, my boy," he continued; "but do your work *well*, and then play in good earnest; only avoid sin, and play will do you *good*, not *harm*."

"I do play," said Fred, as he leaped off the rock, for he never sat still more than five minutes; "but I'm glad you have told me this, for now I shall not feel as if I was doing wrong so much as I did before," and he began to toss pebbles far out on the sparkling water.

The minister sat still thinking a while longer, and then they turned their steps homewards.

"I hope Fred did not quite wear your patience out, sir," said Mrs. Chase that evening to the minister, "for he is troublesome company generally."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Barry; "on the other hand, I found him very interesting and agreeable company. I think he is a lad of great promise."

"Indeed, sir," replied the mother, "I am glad if you have discovered good in him, or promise of good, for I have been greatly exercised on his account and so has his father. We have found him hard to manage, and he does not love religious things at all, and we have feared that he was firmly set in the way to destruction. He is entirely unlike his sisters: but yet I know God's grace is able to change him, and hope it may."

"But his nature is entirely unlike theirs," said Mr. Barry, "and will continue so, even after conversion. That is, his natural characteristics will remain the same. Your two daughters have professed religion, yet before their change of heart, I venture to say, they were quiet, gentle, energetic, impulsive, and so he always will be, unless disease breaks him down; but Christian grace may modify that nature, and engraft on it virtues which will make him one of the brightest ornaments of the church. Just now the animal nature predominates, and so it will, probably, for some time to come. But he is not irreverent, he has moments of serious thought. I doubt not, only it will be necessary to guard against one or two serious dangers in dealing with such a nature as his."

"To what dangers in particular do you refer?" asked Mrs. Chase.

"I think there is great danger of forcing religious instruction upon the mind as to disgust him with it, and produce aversion to what he should love," said the minister. "More can be done for him by acting always with cheerful, faithful piety before him, by loving him warmly and bearing with his faults patiently, than by direct reproof and exhortation. He knows what is right and wrong as well as any one, and has an active conscience, and he will cure his own faults of outward conduct by-and-by, and the labor of love will not be lost on him, unless his disgust is excited towards serious things by a reiterated enforcement of them upon him; then, too, I should wish to discriminate between boyish caprice and mirthfulness, and deliberate sins. By treating the former as seriously as you would the latter, you will outrage his sense of justice."

Deacon Chase had come in while the minister was speaking, and finding that they were talking of Fred, he said,

"I tell my wife sometimes, I'm afraid she governs him *too much*."

"Do you think that is possible?" said Mrs. Chase.

"I do, certainly," said the minister. "That is, the amount of coercion and strictness of dealing necessary for one child may be ruinous to another, because he is mentally constituted so differently. Love and patience and sympathy may work wonders for a boy of Fred's temperament, when they would be thrown away or comparatively powerless on an opposite nature."

"Well, I have been afraid of sparing the rod, or leaving any duty undone towards him," said the mother; "but perhaps I have overdone the thing;" and so the conversation ended, but not without Mrs. Chase's resolving to try different tactics.

The next day there was a meeting of the "Maternal Society," of which Sister Chase was a member, and, it being a quarterly meeting, the children were expected to attend, and to have a prepared lesson on Scripture topics. Fred had always attended this meeting with extreme reluctance, and prepared the necessary lesson ungraciously, the more particularly because it took his Wednesday afternoon, which was a half-holiday. School was not in session now, however, but Mrs. Chase resolved not to insist upon his going. About the middle of the forenoon, happening to pass through the sitting-room, he saw his two sisters with Bibles and Commentary busy with their lesson for the meeting.

"Getting the Sunday School lesson?" said he. "O, I know, it's the day for that old tarnal meeting! Well, I suppose I've got to get it, too, then;" and he muttered some uncomplimentary things about the good sisterhood who composed it.

His mother heard him from the store-room where she was at work, and opening the door, she said, in her quiet way,

"You need not get the lesson, my son, I shall not require you to attend the meeting."

"Good! good! hurrah!" shouted Fred; and bounding out of the house he performed two or three somersaults on the ground in the front yard, and then strolled around the house to the woodpile, where he took up a hatchet and began to hack a log but with little alacrity.

"I wonder what's come over mother!" he said to himself. "She used to be determined that I *should* go, if I teased her ever so hard to let me stay away. I suppose I've troubled her by acting so about going. I've a good mind to get the lesson and go, just to please her—and I'll surprise her, too."

Dropping the hatchet he ran into the house, and, having extorted a promise of secresy from his sisters, he ascertained where the lesson was and stole up to his room; and having soon learned it, he dressed, came down, and mounting the boughs of an apple tree in the front yard, he remained until his mother made her appearance, when, to her surprise, he jumped down beside her, saying, with an arch look, "I am going to the meeting with you, mother."

He would have given anything just then for a smile or loving caress; but his mother only said, in her quiet, grave way, "May the Lord bless it to the salvation of your soul."

Fred was a little chilled, but he thought, "Well, I know she's glad, any way," and he consoled himself with that.

The next week Mr Barry went to housekeeping in the old parsonage; the garden was a waste of weeds, but the minister was bent on reclaiming it, and he knew of no one whose company he should better enjoy in the work than Master Fred's, whose heart needed cultivation of the right sort quite as much as the parsonage garden. The boy entered with delight into the pastor's plan, and daily they were together for hours. Every little opportunity for putting trust and confidence in Fred was improved by Mr Barry, and soon he was entirely won. He would have learned the whole Westminster Catechism, or the two books of Chronicles, if necessary, to please his friend, so loyal was his attachment; and so, day by day, good seed was sown, which met with no opposition; and, while the boy was pleased with the idea that he was helping his pastor, the latter was no less pleased to observe the gradual but certain change going on in the mind of his young parishioner. Led, instead of driven, he soon began to *think*, and his keen and active mind found delight in considering topics under his judicious friend's guidance, which once had been his aversion. Honest doubts were treated with respect, child though he was; and questions which, had he proposed them to his parents, would have been rebuffed as atheistic, were kindly answered, and the beauty of a serene faith shown him in contrast, not by exhortation but a benignant example.

The years glided on, and the once wild, erratic boy was a communicant at the Lord's table, then a student in the pastor's study; the sympathy between the two deepened into a profound and lasting friendship, and, after his college course was ended, he returned thither to pursue his theological studies.

The good deacon has long since gone to his reward, and the praying mother exchanged her tears for songs of praise; but the boy, who was the trial of her earlier years, lives an active, honored and beloved pastor, whose energies are unflagging, and whose courage is dauntless in defence of his Master's work.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

DEATH OF WILLIE P. MANGUM.

W. P. Mangum, of N. Carolina, died at his residence in Orange county, in that State on Saturday, September 11, at the age of sixty-nine years. For some years he had suffered with paralysis, and it is probable that the recent death of his only son, from a wound received on the field of Manassas, depressed his spirits to a point from which he could not rally. He was born in Orange county, North Carolina, in 1792, and graduated at the University of that State in 1815. He studied law, rose to eminence in his profession, engaged in politics, and was elected to the House of Commons in his State in 1818. In 1819 he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina; and from 1823 to 1826 served as a representative in Congress. He was elected a United States Senator in 1831, re-elected in 1841, and for a third term in 1848. In 1837 North Carolina gave him her eleven electoral votes for the Presidency of the Union, and during Tyler's administration he was President of the United States Senate. His political preferences favored the Whig party, but since 1853 he has entirely abandoned the political arena and lived in retirement.

SALLIE AND I.

BY ANNIE M. DUGANNE.

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Are there no bachelors wanting to buy?
None who have courage enough to propose?
None who have wisdom enough to disclose
That they've shirts without buttons, and pants without straps,
They have vests with fringed edges, and coats with torn flaps;
And their last winter's hose are minus of toes,
And their uncovered heels are like to get froze,
For lack of such bodies as Sallie and I
To attend to the wants and woes we espy?

We are no coquettes—Sallie and I—
So free loving dandies need not apply—
Beauty's admirers or Wit's devotees
Need not approach, for we never shall please;
But we know of a circle whose names are untold,
In Fame's shining temples or mansions of gold,
Whose lives without spot, or blemish, or blot,
Hath won them the honor the world giveth not—
For such, worthy bachelors, Sallie and I
Still wait in the market—will ye not buy?

Unsullied virtue, Sallie and I
Only can offer to those who apply—
Hearts warm and loving we've striven to blend
With hands ever ready in need to befriend;
And our lips seldom gossip, our feet rarely roam
Beyond the charmed precincts of childhood's sweet home; [make.
And to wash, brew or bake, small splutter we
For "Quiet and Thrift" is the motto we take—
Oh, rare are such housewives as Sallie and I;
Lonely old bachelors, will ye not buy?

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Shall we be left in the market to die?
Swiftly youth's fleeting years over us go,
Dimmed the rays from Hope's beaconlight glow;
And the dimples where Cupid hath chosen his bed,
Too long left unkissed will be wrinkles instead—
And our hearts, like the May, will forget to be gay [way;
If Love's fragrant blossoms ne'er dawn on our
Such the position Sallie and I
Offer to bachelors—pray, will ye buy?

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Let It Go.

A parson had been preaching, on a certain Sunday morning, from a text including the parable of the two houses, one of which stood upon a rock, and the other upon the sand; a parable which we may *reasonably* assume is not unknown to any reader of these pages. He warmed with the force and beauty of his theme, until, in the ardor of his discourse, he *carried away the wrong house!* "The rains beat, the floods came, and the winds blew" upon the house *that stood upon the rock*, "and it fell, and great was the fall thereof;" a mere accidental transposition, of course, and doubtless not noticed by one in fifty of his congregation. "Uncle," said the narrator, as the two were walking home from church, "did you not make a mistake in your sermon today? Did you not, in one instance, reverse the meaning of the parable which formed its subject? I looked to see you reverse it." "You are right, my son; I *did* make a mistake; I am glad you were so attentive and watchful as to remark it; I carried away the wrong house, but I did *not* make a mistake in not stopping to correct it. Suppose I had done so. *Both* houses then would have gone, and not one would have been left to illustrate the parable."

A Frenchwoman not Deceived by the Splendor of a Uniform.

Count d'Orsenne one day accompanied the first Emperor on a hunting excursion. The Emperor had been complaining of thirst, and some one seeing a woman at a little distance, called to her. The woman did not know Napoleon nor any of the escort. She gave the Emperor a glass of water mixed with a little brandy, and then curtesied for payment. "There, my good woman," said Napoleon, pointing to Count d'Orsenne, "there is the Emperor; ask him for money; he pays for us all." The woman blushed and looked embarrassed; then turning to the Count, she scanned his splendid uniform with the eye of a connoisseur, and said, "He? pooh, nonsense! Do you think I believe that? The Emperor is not such a coxcomb. You, sir, look more like him yourself." The Emperor was much amused at the remark, and gave the woman a double louis.

Abernethy and his Match.

A lady on one occasion entered his consulting-room, and put before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence, Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired. In a few days she called again, and offered the finger for inspection. "Better?" asked the surgeon. "Better!" answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. Not another word followed during the rest of the interview. Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed. "Well?" was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. "Well!" was the lady's equally brief answer. "Upon my soul, madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, "*you are the most rational woman I ever met with!*"

An Editor Sold.

The editor of an English paper was recently presented with a stone, upon which was carved the following letters. The editor was informed that the stone was taken from an old building, and he was requested to solve the inscription. It read:

F O R C   A T T
L E T O R   U B T H E
I R T A   I L S A G
A   I n   S t—

Eminent men were called in to consult upon the matter, and after an immense amount of time consumed, they were informed that the stone was *for cattle to rub their tails against.*

Looking for Watchers.

A laughable incident is told of a nervous man, who imagined himself very sick; reports were in the neighborhood that he was given over by the doctor. He was observed early in the day, making rapid strides through the streets. His alarmed neighbors met him. "How are you, friend?" "Sick, very sick." "Where now?" "After some one to sit up with me to night; I am so plagued for watchers that there is no one I can depend upon."

A Common Vagrant.

A good anecdote is related of a well known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread and half of a dried codfish, and holding them up, with a triumphant look and gesture, to the magistrate, exclaimed: "You don't ketch me that way! I'm no vagrant! Ain't them visible means o' support, I should like to know?"

Two Epitaphs.

In the Chatham church yard, by a husband, on the death of his two wives:

ON THE FIRST,

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

ON THE SECOND,

"I called upon the Lord, and He heard me, *and delivered me out of all my troubles.*"

A Smart Butcher.

The smartest young butcher in New York is named Gorman. He can kill and dress a sheep in four minutes and twenty four seconds, and did it on Wednesday for a wager. His competitor, a veteran butcher, named Darby, occupied six minutes and twenty-six seconds in performing the operation.

Chills and Fever.

An Irishwoman appeared in the County Court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, and the following colloquy occurred: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your honor, I don't understand you." "What has he got?" "Chills and fever, plaze your honor."

Neat Retort.

An Israelite lady, sitting in the same box at an opera, with a French physician, and was much troubled with *ennui*, happened to gape. "Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me." "Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork!"

Young America.

Stranger to little boy—"Well, my son, ain't you lost?" Little boy, stepping back and eyeing the stranger—"Look here, mister, don't be so familiar, if you please; I am not unprotected," laying his hand on a revolver; "you must remember I am a gentleman."

Humbugs.

Upon a traveller telling Gen. Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the General replied:—"My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called *humbugs*."

She should be within It.

A vender of hoop shirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be *within it*."

IF a very rich old lady is dangerously ill, her dutiful relatives are sure to remember that age and disease entitle one to every possible attention.

"FIB," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a ball." "Of a ball, madam! Why so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

IT would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone isn't the most diverting thing in the world.

PUZZLES, &c.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty letters.
My 16 6 10 19 12 6 1 18 is a city in South America.
My 14 18 9 5 2 is a river in Europe.
My 11 5 6 3 17 4 is a country in Europe.
My 15 13 7 6 8 6 5 2 is a river in the United States.
My 20 5 4 19 18 10 is a city in New Jersey.
My whole is the name of a celebrated General of the present time.

West Philadelphia, 1861. J. M. C.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a bad shot like an amusing fellow? Because he is the boy to keep the game alive.

What kind of a riddle would a lady name in preferring a request for another kiss? Rebus (re-buss).

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST WEEK'S "*Newspaper*."—"*Charles Van Rotteck.*"